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october'96

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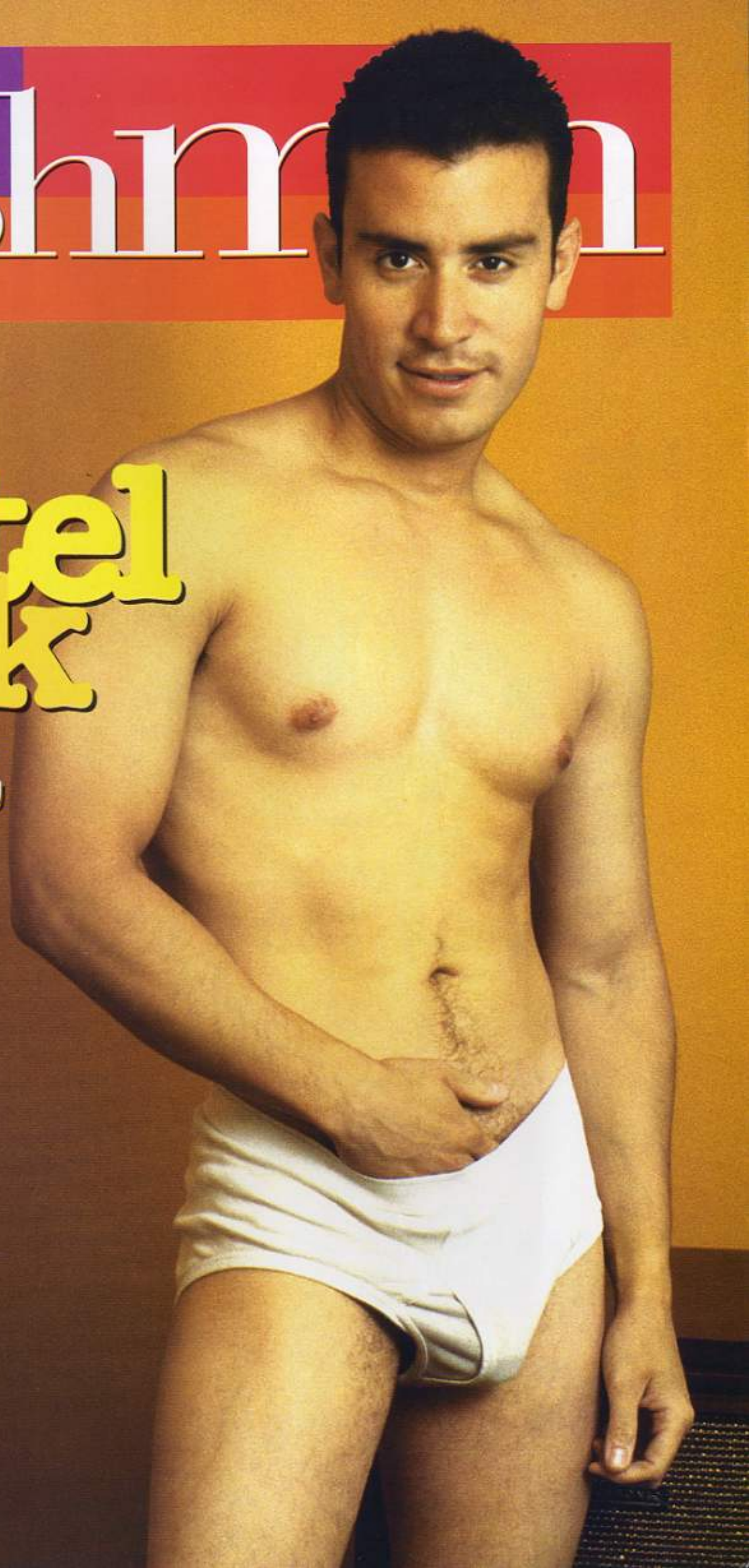

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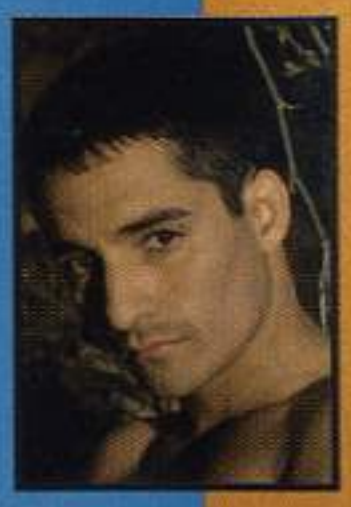

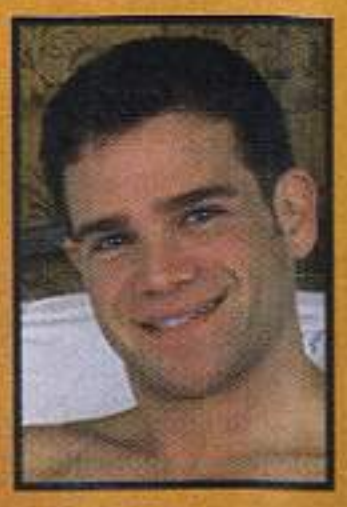

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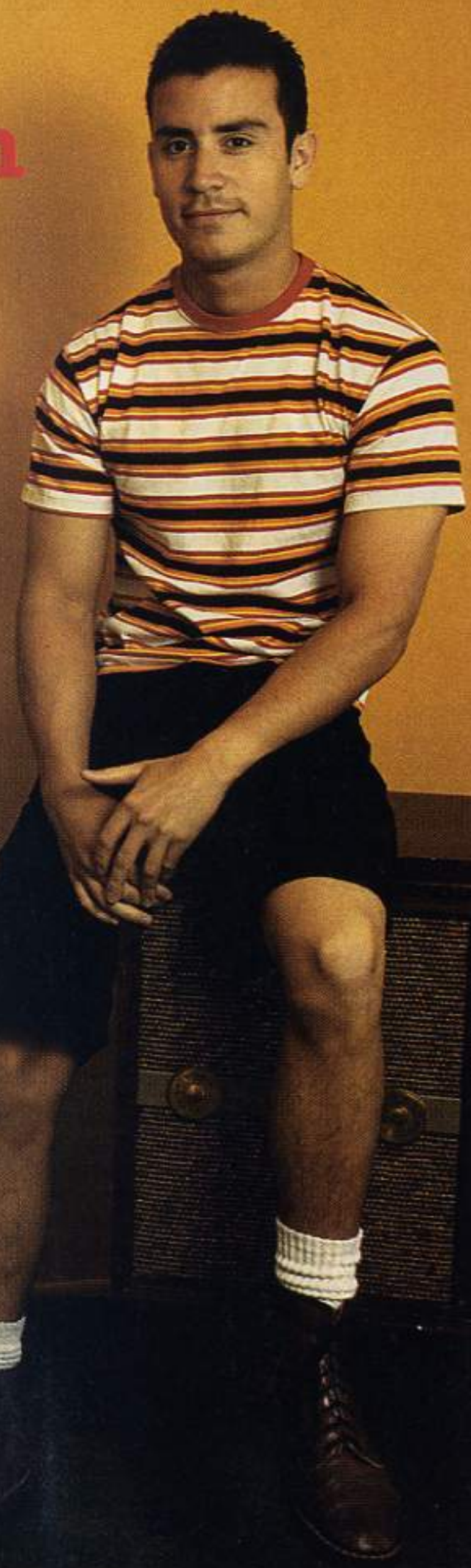

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letters

"Did you know that if you look up stud in the dictionary, Zak Owins's picture is there?"

Breath wish

I just received my July issue of *FRESHMEN*. As I always do, I tore into it to see the hunks and then put it down to catch my breath and pen this letter. After doing so, I will do something that will leave me short of breath again.

Zak Owins is simply magnificent. I've seen many nude guys in various magazines, and never, never have I seen such perfection! You'll never outdo him, no matter how long you search, no matter how many others you find. However, keep trying!

D.B.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

[*OK, I will. Just don't put your hands on the back of my head. I hate that.*–Ed.]

Bed-and-fuckfest

Did you know that if you look up *stud* in the dictionary, Zak Owins's picture is there? Really, it is! Zak is the hottest, sexiest man these baby blues have ever seen–especially when he's lying there on those rocks with that come-fuck-me look on his face. I just wish I could find a man like him in the mountains of Pennsylvania.

Tell Zak that if he's ever out this way, he already has a warm bed waiting for him.

C.D.
New Castle, Pa.

[*Gee, I'm sure he's never had an offer like that.*–Ed.]

Zak addict

This is to express my gratitude for your featuring Zak Owins. He's simply magnificent! I only wish I could somehow meet him. He looks like the guy on *Jag*.

D.M.
Calgary, Canada

[*You want to meet me? I look like the guy on* Alf.–Ed.]

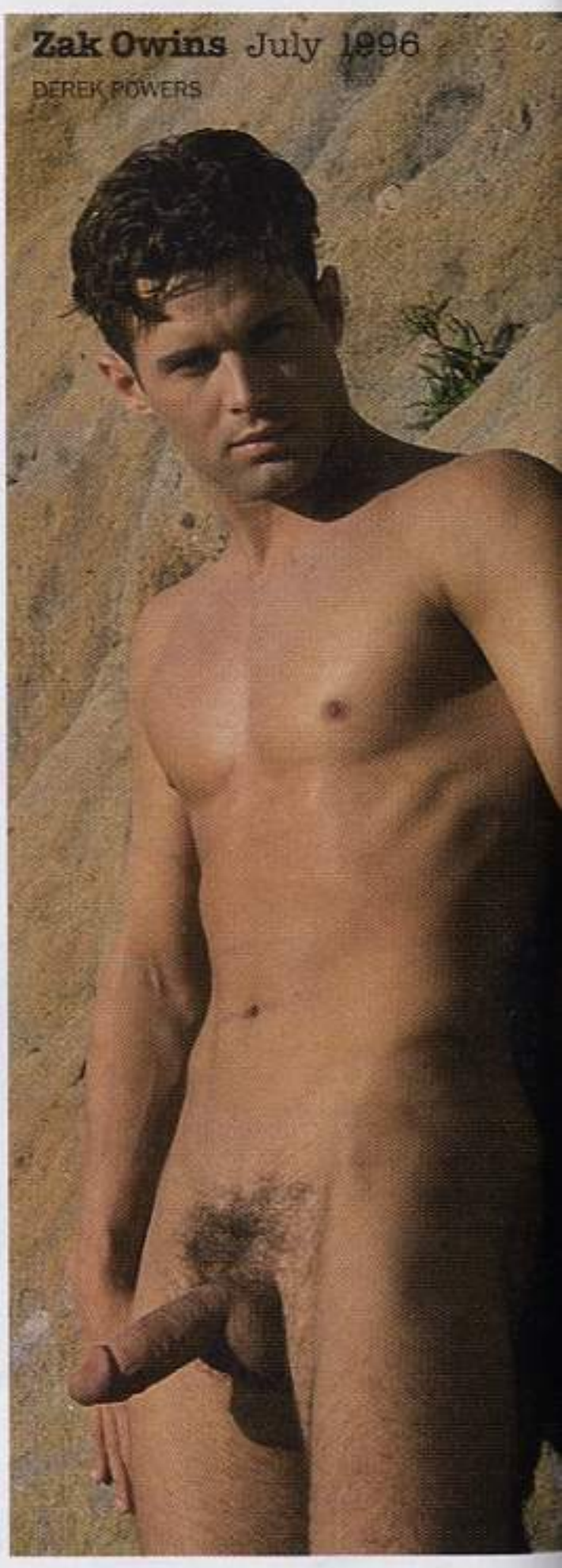
Cheek peek

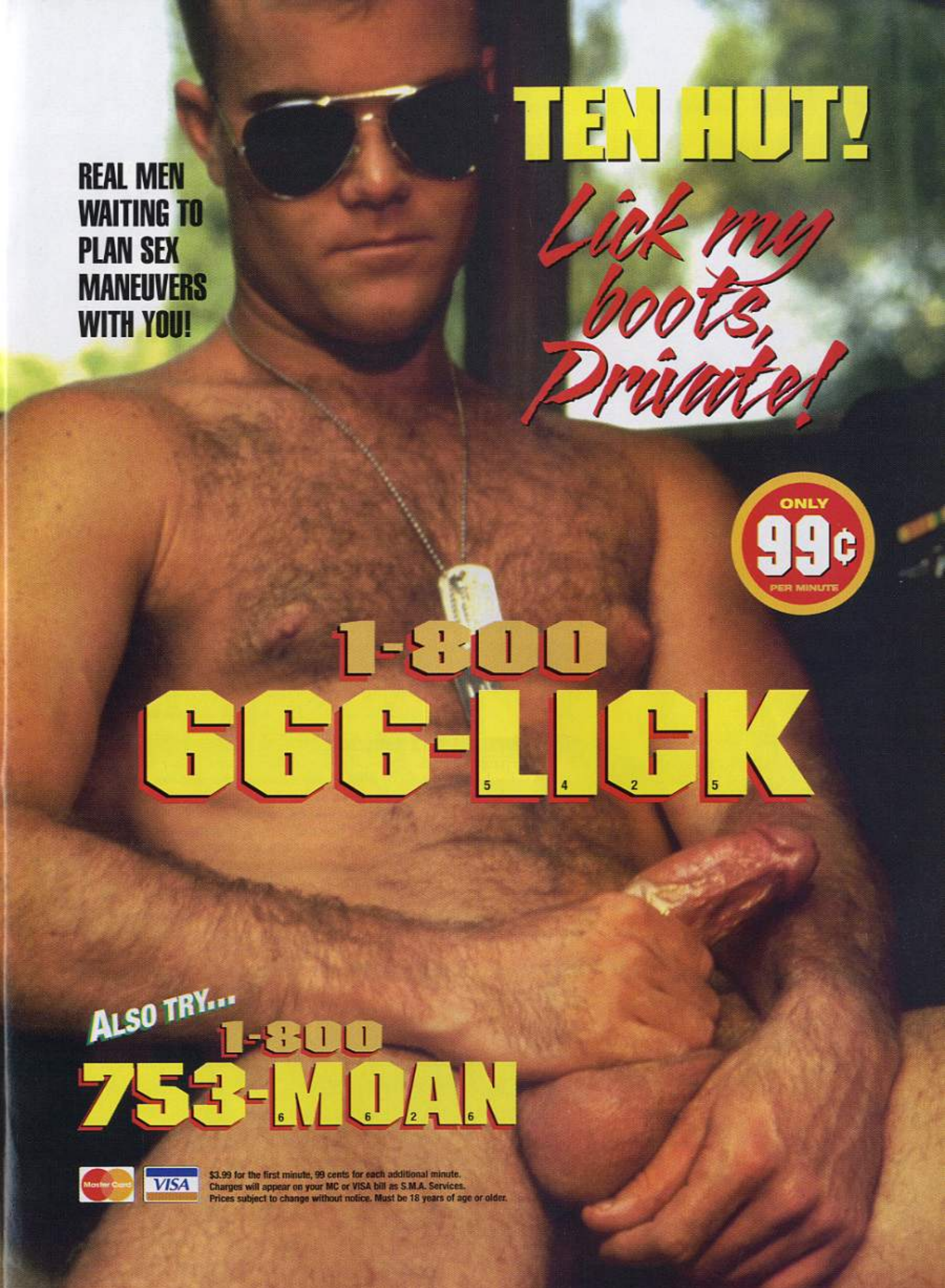
The photography of Sky Thompson's asshole in your July issue was worth the price of a lifetime subscription to *FRESHMEN*. Too rarely do you show boy nooky, and this one was a beaut. How I'd like to... But you know the rest. To say the least, I could chow down on that hairy cleft from now until Saint Swithin's Day and forever after. The rest of Sky is pretty terrific too. Stratospheric, in fact. His pretty cock is just the right size, and his hirsute axillae are ever so lickable, not to mention that kissy winsome face. Thanks.

Now, please, oh, please have all of your models spread their tender cheeks to give us fans a peek at all of that sweet ass-pussy you keep hidden (or reserved for your greedy selves).

E.S.
Chicago, Ill.

[*I'll do anything you want as long as you don't ever again talk about Saint Swithin's Day or use the word* axillae.–Ed.]

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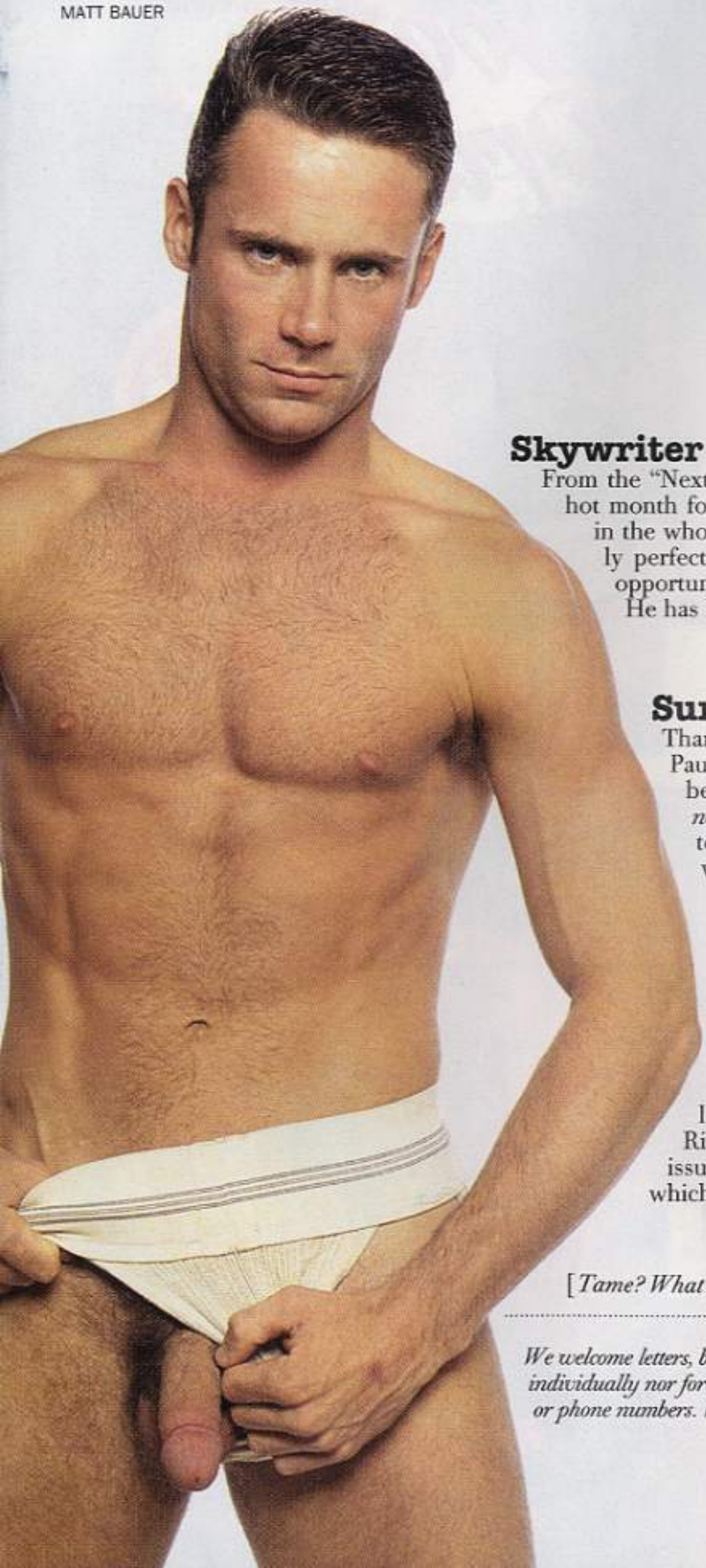
letters

Sky Thompson July 1996
MATT BAUER



"I only wish I could have the opportunities these photographers have to be with men like Sky."

Skywriter

From the "Next" preview in the June '96 issue, I knew July would be a hot month for me. Turns out this was my most absolute favorite issue in the whole wide world. Sky Thompson is a god—he is so absolutely perfect in every way imaginable. I only wish I could have the opportunities these photographers have to be with men like Sky. He has become (and always will be) my fantasy guy.

B.W.
Corinth, Miss.

Summer reruns

Thank you, thank you, thank you for another photo visit with Paul Marsden [July 1996]. Even though the pictures seem to be from the same session as his February 1993 spread, I am *not* complaining! But could we have an updated set of photos soon to see how he has grown and matured? I sure wish Bel Ami would feature him in one of their excellent new videos too. Please don't make us wait another 3½ years for our next vision of perfection!

S.D.
Eureka, Mo.

[*Whatever! Just don't whine, OK?*–Ed.]

Discovered

Ion Davidov, the big star of *Frisky Summer* and the best-looking model photographed by Bel Ami since Lucas Ridgeston, deserved to be the cover model of your July issue. Needless to say, I'll be looking forward to the issue in which Ion will be the "Major Meat" and his photos less tame.

J.V.
San Francisco, Calif.

[*Tame? What the hell does a cream rinse have to do with it?*–Ed.]

We welcome letters, but because of the volume of mail we receive, we can neither respond individually nor forward letters to our models. We also cannot give out models' addresses or phone numbers. Write to Letters, FRESHMEN, *P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078.*

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Major T

"I get turned-on sticking things in guys' butts. I don't know why."

Cute blond Steve O'Donnell resides in **seedy** Las Vegas, where he recently took time out from being a nudist and **fucking** his boyfriend's butt to chat with me by phone. I had just received a copy of Hot House's latest **fuck** flick, *Raw Material*, and popped a **big boner** watching Steve eat Kyle Brandon's butt, then **fuck** it with a big dildo Kyle pulled out of his lunch bag. Steve proved to be a **hot and nasty** phone **fuck** as he told me about sticking bananas in his ass and **fucking** boys in the linen closet at a bathhouse where he used to work. Humpy Steve even promised that he and his lover would break me into **fisting** when I come to Las Vegas next. Who knows—I just might take him up on that offer.

Meat

by jamoo

Jamoo: Cute little Steve O'Donnell, where were you plucked from?
Steve: What do you mean?
Jamoo: I mean, where were you, and how did you get discovered? Were you showing your butt onstage someplace, and Chi Chi LaRue saw you?
Steve: Not quite!
Jamoo: Well, then, how?
Steve: My roommate introduced me to [agent] Peter Scott.
Jamoo: Are you an exhibitionist?
Steve: Yeah.
Jamoo: Why do you say that?
Steve: Why? Because I really don't care if anyone watches me walking around naked. I'm also a nudist, and my boyfriend is too.
Jamoo: How does a typical day in the life of a nudist go?
Steve: Um, well, I get up about 11 o'clock and fuck my boyfriend.
Jamoo: Is he grumpy if you don't fuck him in the morning?
Steve: Boy, is he ever! So I get that over with and eat my cereal. Which is kinda soggy right now because I'm talking to you, Jamoo.
Jamoo: I love cereal. Special K is my favorite; I just did a big bump of it.
Steve: Did you really?
Jamoo: I refuse to answer that on the grounds that it might incriminate me. So you get up about 11?
Steve: Yeah, I don't have a set schedule.
Jamoo: Well, duh! You're a porn star! We sleep till noon or until a client calls one of our ads!

So you get up and have sex. Do you start by eating your boyfriend's butt?

PHOTOS BY FALCON STUDIOS

Major Meat: Steve O'Donnell

Steve: We've been together too long for that.
Jamoo: So you're just over it, like, "OK, jack me off."
Steve: Usually I just fuck him and get it over with.
Jamoo: Is he really grumpy if he doesn't get it?
Steve: Yes, he is. Very nasty, and you can print that.
Jamoo: It's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it.
Steve: Actually, it's a pretty clean job.
Jamoo: So what does your boyfriend's butt look like? Does he have a tan line?
Steve: No, he doesn't. We both go to the nude beach; neither one of us has a tan line.
Jamoo: Is it a smooth or hairy butt?
Steve: A very smooth butt.
Jamoo: Have you ever shaved it?
Steve: No, but he's shaved mine a couple of times, like before a movie and stuff.
Jamoo: Was it hot?
Steve: Yeah, he gets off on it, so it works out.
Jamoo: How long have you two been together?
Steve: It was two years in June.
Jamoo: So you're a happily married man?
Steve: Uh, I'm a married man.
Jamoo: So it's like Ike and Tina Turner? He beats you up, and then you have fabulous sex afterward?
Steve: Not quite. He beats me up mentally.
Jamoo: You'll be moving to West Hollywood soon, like all of the other porn stars who've been abused by their boyfriends.
Steve: Nope, sorry, it won't happen.
Jamoo: So anyway, you get up and fuck your boyfriend's butt, and then what? Mind you, you *are* walking around naked.
Steve: Well, in Las Vegas I don't get dressed till I walk out the door because it's too goddamned hot.
Jamoo: House or apartment?
Steve: Apartment.
Jamoo: So you're walking around the apartment naked, and what are the neighbors thinking?
Steve: The neighbors don't see anything. And if they do, they don't say anything because we pretty much keep everything closed up. I jump in the shower and shave and stuff, but I've gotten lazy and do my dick only once a week.

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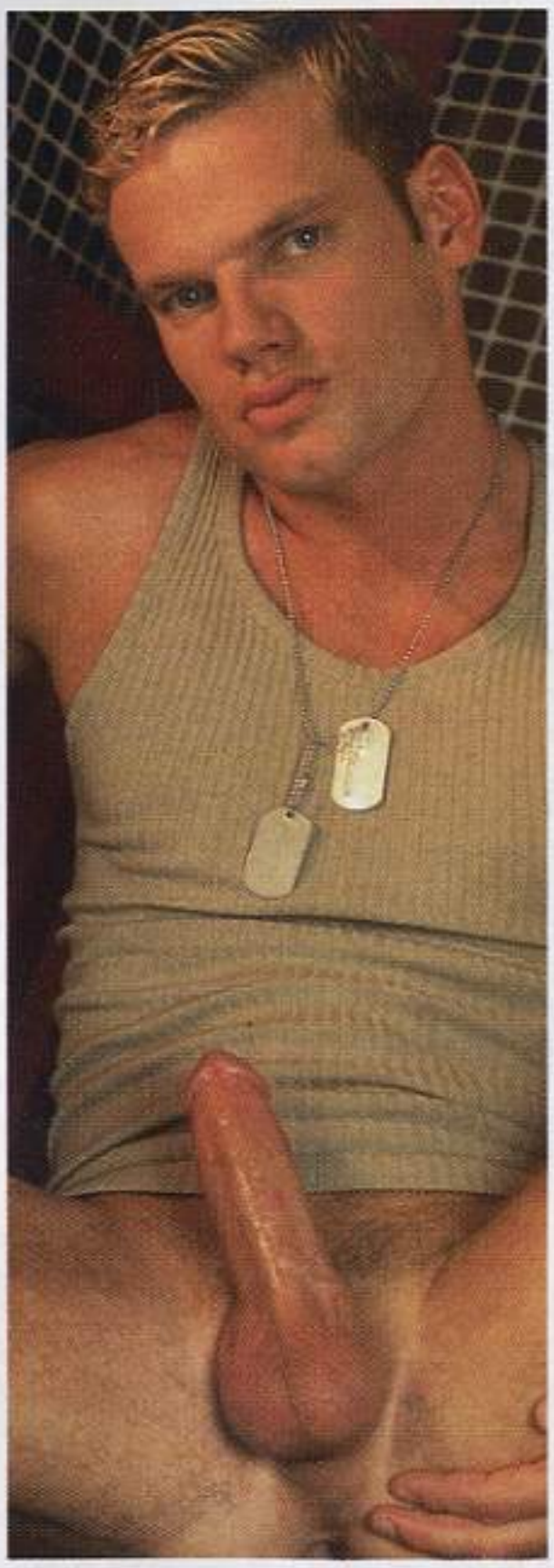
Jamoo: You wash your dick only once a week?
Steve: No, shave it. I wash it a little more often than that.
Jamoo: Good. I was going to say, you are one dirty little white boy. So continue with your day's agenda.
Steve: I usually go work out before or after work. I go only a couple of times a week, which explains why I look the way I do.
Jamoo: A porn star with no attitude–I love it! Most guys are like, "Well, I go to the gym and do my chest, then I do my back," and all of that crap.
Steve: Not me. That's why my body looks like crap.
Jamoo: So other than working in a hotel, what are you doing in the future?
Steve: A lot of that depends on the porn industry.
Jamoo: What do you want to do?
Steve: I'll do the movies as long as the industry will have me.
Jamoo: So in other words, you're going to be around ten years, like Danny Somers. We're going to be like, "Steve O'Donnell's butt again?"
Steve: "Oh, God, not another one! He's in every fuckin' movie that comes out!" I definitely think they're going to start slowing down because I've been doing so fucking many of them.
Jamoo: What has been your favorite movie so far?
Steve: Oh, God! I've had some horror stories and some really good scenes.
Jamoo: Let's hear the horror stories.
Steve: The horror stories? Well, *Mountain Jock* from Catalina.
Jamoo: Why?
Steve: Because I got there, and I was supposed to top, and I couldn't hack it. I just didn't have any attraction to the other model, and I could not get hard. So I ended up bottoming, and I wasn't too happy–and it shows. And it's my boyfriend's favorite scene: me gettin' annihilated by this monster!
Jamoo: Did he have a big wiener?
Steve: It was just wide.
Jamoo: What type of guys do you like?
Steve: Pretty much guys my age or younger. I don't like bodybuilders, just an everyday type of guy. So far I've been pretty lucky as far as the guys I've worked with.
Jamoo: You've worked with Kyle Brandon, Cole Youngblood, Adriano Marquez, and who else?
Steve: Hawk McAllister, Kurt Young...

Joey Carr was pretty cool.
Jamoo: How was Cole's 11-inch cock?
Steve: Pretty good. He's real nice.
Jamoo: What about fucking Kyle Brandon and dildoing his butt?
Steve: That was hot. I get turned-on sticking things in guys' butts. I don't know why.
Jamoo: You and me both! So what director has been your favorite?
Steve: O-o-oh! You are brutal, aren't you?
Jamoo: You guys are all like, "Well, Sam Abdul's going to get mad if I say Chi Chi," and stuff like that.
Steve: Oh, fuck Sam Abdul!
Jamoo: You're over Sam Abdul? Why? His check bounced?
Steve: It wasn't that bad. Just attitude.
Jamoo: He had attitude?
Steve: Yeah.
Jamoo: Did he try to get in your pants?
Steve: No.
Jamoo: Did he keep you on the set all day?
Steve: Pretty much.
Jamoo: How much did you get paid?
Steve: That's my business.
Jamoo: Anyway! I know what Sam Abdul pays, and you didn't get more than $1,000, probably $800.
Steve: I'm really burying myself with this interview! To answer your question about my favorite director, John Rutherford was a blast! We got along. I just got through doing something for Jerry Douglas, and he's probably the most laid-back director.
Jamoo: Any photo spreads?
Steve: Yeah, I did one for another magazine that came out in May.
Jamoo: How was it?
Steve: I was very pleased with it. I got the cover.
Jamoo: So tell me something very hot and nasty about yourself. What do you like to do in your sex life?
Steve: Just about everybody!
Jamoo: While your boyfriend watches?
Steve: He has to be involved.
Jamoo: You do three-ways?
Steve: Yeah. If we can go out to the bar and actually agree on somebody, then we do occasionally.
Jamoo: Getting back to the original topic of hot and nasty sex, tell me something to spice up this interview, God damn it!
Steve: You couldn't get two dildos in me if my life depended on it.
Jamoo: Why? Do you have a tight hole?
Steve: Yeah, I think so, pretty much. I mean, I couldn't get two dildos in me. Maybe a couple of bananas...
Jamoo: How old were you the first time you had sex?

"You couldn't get two dildos in me if my life depended on it."



Steve: I was late: 19. It was with a total stranger and very unplanned. You know, I can't remember the first time I penetrated or who it was. I think it was my first boyfriend, but I'm not sure. That's fucked-up, because it's supposed to be one of those things you remember forever.

I worked at a couple of bathhouses in Michigan.
Jamoo: Finally, the interview is starting to get good!
Steve: It was great back in Detroit; I was fucking everybody I could. There was a tiny little linen closet that we kept extra sheets in, and this guy on the shift before me was just getting off, and I was just coming in, and I fucked him in the linen closet for a good couple of minutes before I had to go to work. To this day I can't actually believe that I got away with it. Shit like that happened constantly.
Jamoo: How big is your dick?
Steve: Big enough to get the job done.
Jamoo: Seven? Eight? Nine? Six?
Steve: Yeah, right! It's 7½, but my boyfriend says eight. Actually, if you talked to him, you'd probably get a much better interview.
Jamoo: I know: "Interview With a Porn Star's Boyfriend"!
Steve: You know, I'd like to work with Danny Somers.
Jamoo: I've heard that some people climb into Danny Somers and they don't come out. Who else?
Steve: Chad Knight used to be on that list, but I already did a scene with him.
Jamoo: Were his wife and kids on the set watching?
Steve: No, they weren't there, but I wanted to meet them.
Jamoo: "Daddy, daddy, what are you doing?"
Steve: "Shut up, I'm payin' the fuckin' bills!"
Jamoo: Who else?
Steve: I wanted to do a scene with Kevin Dean, but since he got his dick cut off...
Jamoo: Well, you could always do that transsexual movie.
Steve: But I couldn't fuck his pussy. I'd have to roll him over and fuck his butt. I don't do the fish thing.
Jamoo: I know. Your agent described you as being "as gay as a goose," so I was like, "In other words, I'm going to interview a big queen!"
Steve: The more scenes that have to do with dildos being shoved in people's asses, the more I usually like them. I like to see their limits. I fist my current boyfriend, and I'll fist you too when you come to Vegas.
Jamoo: Um... ●

I'm a 20-year-old man, half Caucasian and half Native American, living in a small Southwestern town.

head 2 head

My parents were divorced after my father came out as gay (I was 4 at the time), and I moved around so much with my mother and stepfather that I made very few friends. Although I have three half brothers, two half sisters, and two adopted brothers, we were all raised to be very independent, so I'm not very close to any of them. In high school everyone recognized me and I got along with people, but I wasn't especially popular. I never dated, never went to parties, and never got involved in other social activities. The four friends I did make in high school knew I was gay, but they were all straight. I am still a virgin. As far as anyone else is concerned, I'm scared to admit that I'm gay and that I want a man in my life. This has left me feeling very lonely. I feel like an enigma: What people see is not who I am. I've seen a handful of counselors, but no one has been able to help me. I need to open up to somebody, but I don't know how.

I think you're exactly right: You need to open up to somebody, but you don't know how.

When we're born we're all open to other people—no one has to teach us how to be that way. Later, as we get knocked about by life's harsher experiences, we learn to shut ourselves down to some degree and to shut the world out to some degree at the same time. Then we may find, as you have, that we're isolated and lonely and trapped behind the very walls we have put up to protect ourselves. If we're brave, as you are, we reach out to ask for help. And in reaching out, we take the first step toward breaking down the walls that once protected us but have now become our prison.

You say you've seen some therapists and that they didn't help. Perhaps they didn't help because they didn't know what to do for you; perhaps they didn't help because you were not available for the assistance they did offer; perhaps they didn't help because you and they were not good matches; perhaps they didn't help for some other reason—I can't say. But I do know that one of the functions a therapist can perform is to provide a safe space in which you can begin to learn to open up to somebody. Another function is to *be* the somebody with whom you learn to open up.

Many therapists can teach you valuable techniques for opening up, both directly and by their own styles of working, and they can also help you learn to take those lessons out into the rest of your life so that you can open up to other people when you want to do so—or not open up when you don't want to.

If you know someone else who can perform these functions for you and is willing to do so and if you would rather work with that person than with a therapist, that's fine; therapists are not the only people in the world who are trained in interpersonal communications skills. You may have a friend, a relative, an elder, or a minister of some sort who can do the job just as well. Or by now you might prefer the carefully contained structure that therapy provides.

Whatever form you ultimately choose, do take this opportunity you are presenting to yourself: to open up to somebody even though you don't know how.

The man I've been living with for more than two years has just moved out—after telling me that he's straight. He said he still loves me and likes to spend time with me but that he wants to see what it's like to date, sleep with, and maybe even have a relationship with a woman. I never saw this coming, and now I am totally devastated. What am I to do?

About your ex? Let him go. There's nothing else you can do. He clearly has a need to find some things out about himself, and if you want to remain friends with him, you'll need to work on that level of the relationship while you support his explorations as best you can.

About you? Have yourself a good cry, treat yourself to a movie or a vacation (depending on your budget), then go find another boyfriend.

Henkin is a licensed marriage and family therapist, a board-certified sex therapist, and a fellow of the American Academy of Clinical Sexologists. He conducts his private therapy practice in San Francisco. Send your questions c/o FRESHMEN, *P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4371.*

BY WILLIAM A. HENKIN, MFCC

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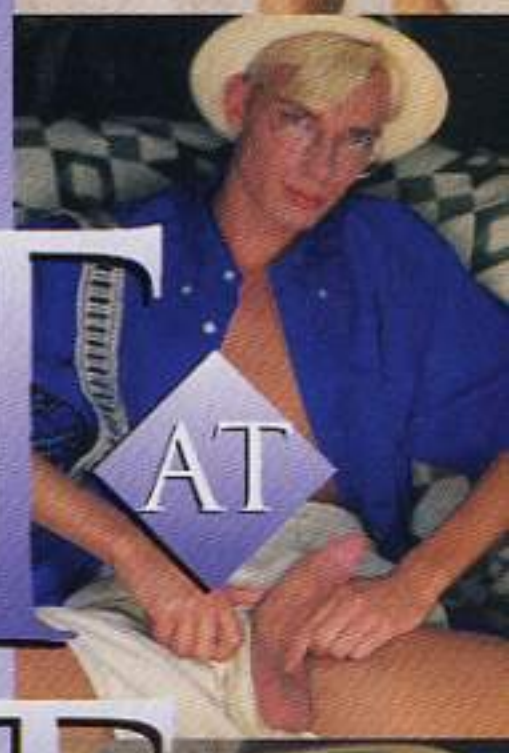

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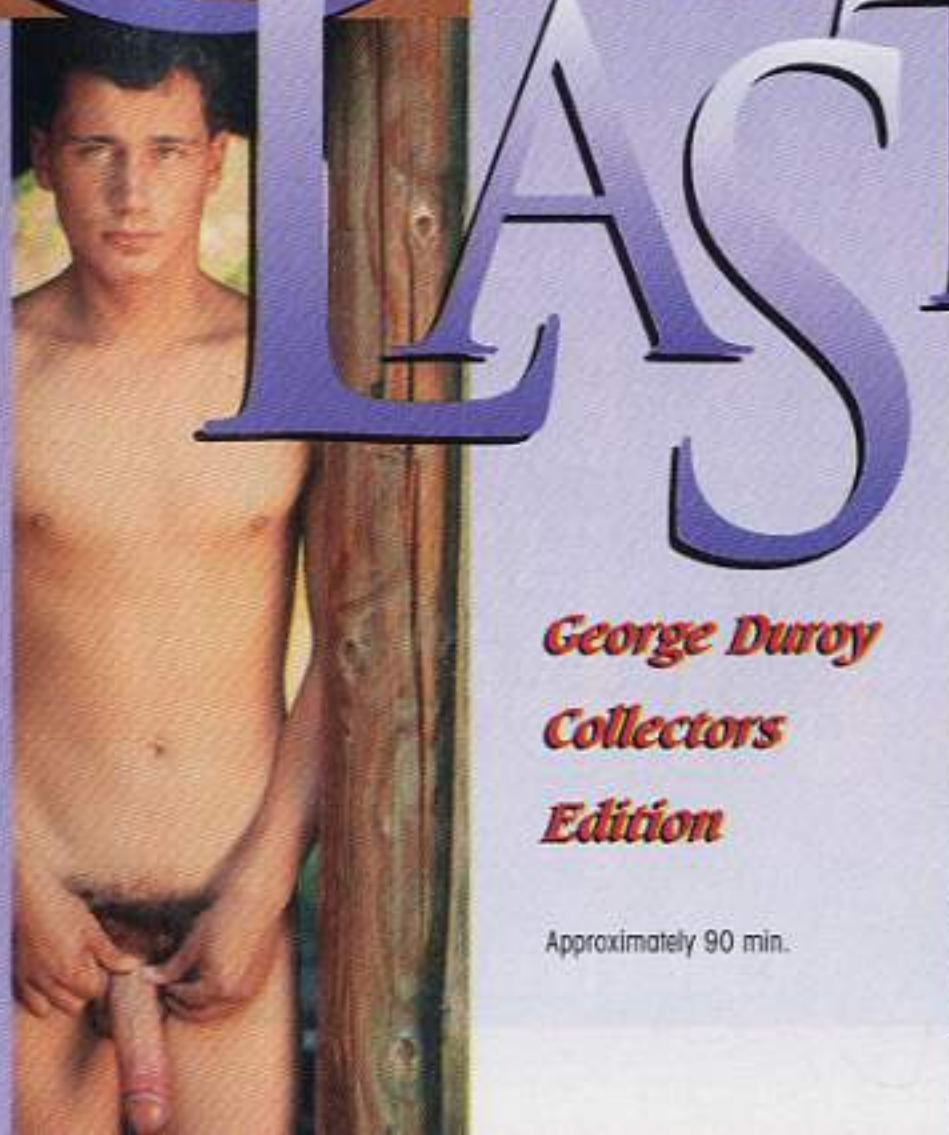

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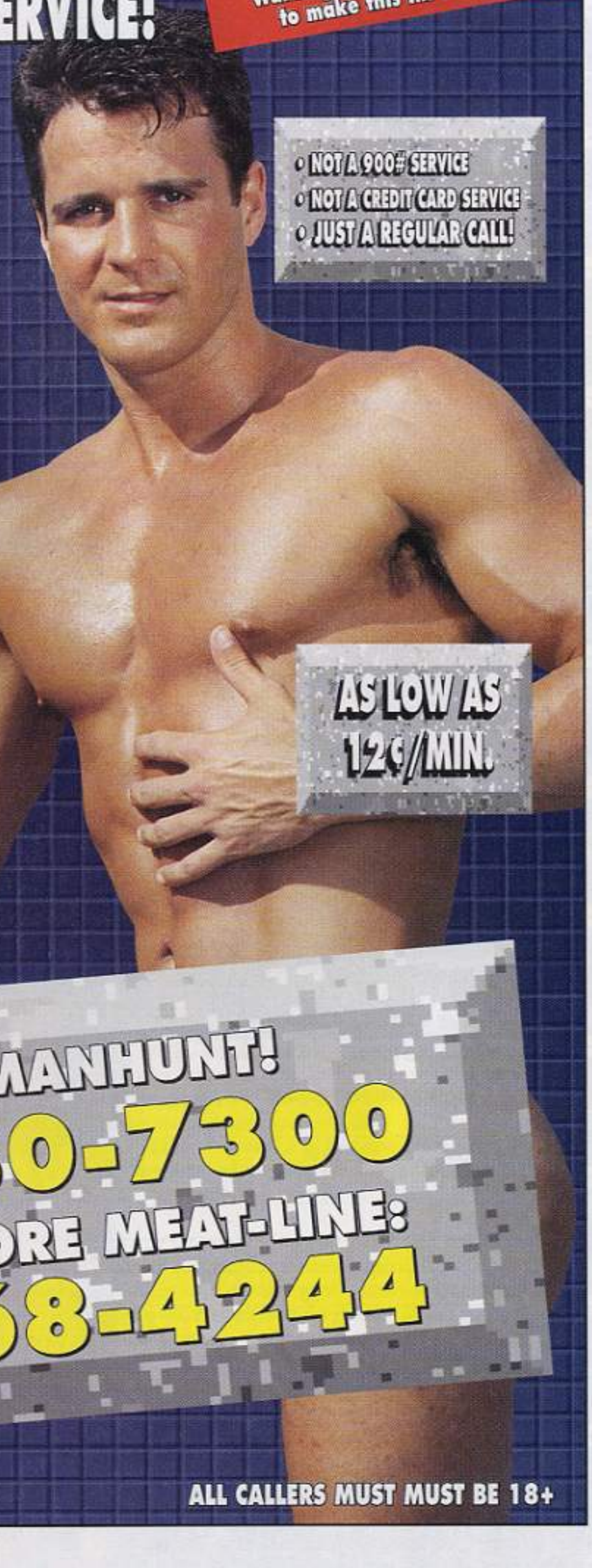

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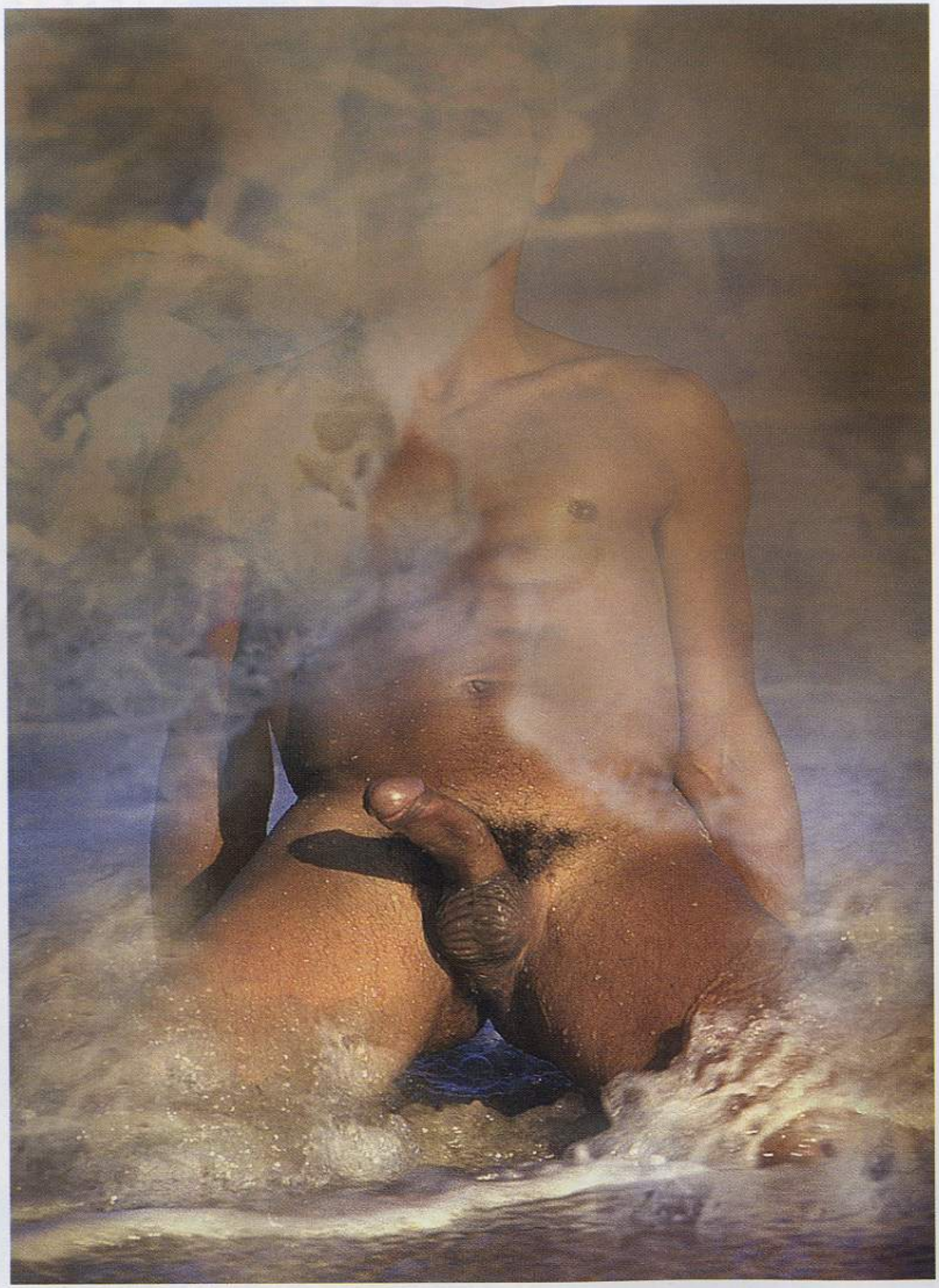


Blown Away

by Bob Vickery

I'm dreaming that I'm swinging in a hammock gone amok, pitching wildly back and forth, when a hand roughly shakes my shoulder. I open my eyes and see Jonas's face looming over me, a big, silly grin plastered across it. I know that grin; I also know that gleam in his eyes. "Go away," I mumble, turning over on my side. "I'm trying to sleep."

But Jonas will have none of that. "C'mon, Chris," he croons in my ear. "I've been fighting a storm for four fuckin' hours while you've been sawing logs. I need a little loving to get me feeling good again." He slides a hand underneath the blanket and squeezes my cock. His hand is like ice.

"Christ!" I cry out, bolting up. Jonas laughs, but I can see by the light of the lantern swinging overhead that he's shivering and that his hair is plastered down against his skull by rain and seawater. I also notice the exhaustion in his eyes. The *Billy B* is pitching a lot steeper than when I got off my own watch four hours ago, and the wind is howling like a son of a bitch. Tiger, the third member of our crew, is going to have his hands full for the next four hours as Jonas's relief.

"Come on," I growl. "Get your things off and climb in."

Jonas doesn't have to be told twice. With a wide grin he shucks off his clothes and dives under the blankets. He wraps his powerful arms around me and pulls me against him in a tight bear hug. His skin is wet and clammy, but he's shivering less now; we lie quietly, letting the boat rock us as Jonas's body takes on my own heat. He sighs in contentment and then kisses me, his beard tickling my chin. He rests his large, callused hand on my thigh and strokes my leg. I shift position, snuggling closer to him, feeling the hard muscles of his body, the fur of his chest. Jonas's hand slides up and cups my ass as he dry-humps my belly with his hard, thick dick.

He wraps his hand around our dicks, stroking them together lazily. The heat of his dick flows into mine, and his heavy balls rest against my thigh. I pump my hips, fucking his fist, sliding my dick against his as I run my hands over his body. His chest is a redwood trunk in a green, quiet forest, and his ass is a smooth, sun-warmed rock. For a few seconds I forget that I'm on a 36-foot ketch in a South Pacific storm, bobbing between waves as tall as two-story buildings. I give Jonas a long, wet kiss, pushing my tongue deep down his throat. Jonas gives a muffled groan and rolls on top of me.

We thrash around in the bunk, getting tangled in the blankets, our bodies rocking back and forth as the *Billy B* fights the storm. Jonas sits on my chest and drops his balls into my mouth; I roll them around with my tongue as he strokes my face with his dick. I suck on Jonas's fleshy scrotum and look up at him, past the long expanse of muscled, tattooed flesh, into his broad, good-natured face. Jonas isn't what you'd call handsome. In fact, a convincing argument could be made that he's downright homely: a bulbous red nose, a too-wide mouth, shrewd blue eyes, small and piglike. A jagged white scar streaks from his left ear down under his jaw like a bolt of lightning (Jonas says he got it in a knife fight in a Suva bar; according to Tiger, Jonas really tripped on the gangplank while drunk and smashed his face on the rocks below).

Jonas grabs my dick, running his tongue around the head, getting it juiced up. All I can see of him is his ass and the heavy swing of his balls. Nature has compensated for his face by giving him a truly beautiful ass: firm, smooth, pale, and well-proportioned. I part the two fleshy cheeks, and his hole winks at me. I bury my face in his crack. Jonas groans, his voice muffled by my dick. I thrust my hips up, shoving my cock deeper down his throat as I chow down on his pink ocean-bathed sphincter.

I come up for air and begin tonguing Jonas's dick and balls. Jonas shifts his body so that he's lying beside me now, rather than on top, giving me full access to his meaty shaft. I pause for a second and gaze at it. It's thick and veined, topped with a dark red uncut knob, already oozing precome. Jonas contracts his asshole, and his dick gives a throb. "Like what you see?"

"Yeah, Jonas," I laugh. "You're a damn miracle of nature."

He twitches his fat red dick again, and my mouth fairly waters at the sight of it. "You can suck it now," he growls.

I run my tongue from the base of Jonas's dick slowly up the thick shaft and then swirl it around the swollen knob. Jonas sighs. I work his shaft down my throat, pressing my nose against his black crinkly pubes. He cries out from the unexpected pleasure and gobbles down on my dick with the enthusiasm of a shark feeding on chum, and we settle down to the business of cock sucking, no mean feat when you're being tossed on a stormy sea like a sack of crabs. Jonas and I roll with the pitch and yaw of the *Billy B*, sucking and slurping as best as we can, making up with gusto for our lack of finesse.

Jonas's body quivers, and I feel the jolt of his orgasm sweep across his body. He bellows as the first squirt of jizz hits the back of my throat. I suck eagerly, moving my head to heighten the sensation of my lips on his dick shaft. Jonas groans as the next wave slams down my throat, then a third and a fourth. It's like I've drunk about a quart of the creamy load.

"Shoot on my face, Chris," he growls. "Slime it up good."

I'm only too happy to oblige. I straddle his chest and fuck my fist furiously. The boat makes a wild plunge down a wave, and the lamp swings wildly. Jonas reaches up and gives my nipples a sharp twist, his eyes drilling into mine. That's all I need to push me over the edge. I close my eyes and cry out, feeling my dick pulse in my hand as my load spews out against Jonas's face and chest. When I'm done I kiss him and lick his face clean. He envelops me in his huge arms, and we lie there, flesh against flesh, as the boat heaves and the winds howl at near-typhoon speeds. Eventually I drift off into sleep.

It seems as if I've just shut my eyes when I hear Tiger bellowing from above: "Get your ass up here, Chris, and relieve me!" *Oh, shit!* I think. I disentangle myself from Jonas's arms and scramble out of my bunk, yanking on my clothes. Jonas mumbles something, turns, and falls back to sleep. The wind is still howling, and the *Billy B* is still leaping up and down the waves. I don my foul-weather gear and climb the ladder.

It's 0400 and pitch-black. The wind slams into the Plexiglas of the cabin, pelting it with sheets of rain. Tiger is at the helm, staring grimly ahead, for all the good that'll do. We can't even see the *Billy B*'s bow, much less what's ahead of us. Our world has shrunk to the red glow of the binnacle. With his salt-and-pepper beard and hard gray eyes, Tiger looks like an extra out of *Moby Dick*. He swings his gaze toward me, and I make a point not to flinch. Tiger has been zigzagging across the Pacific for the past 35 years. Jonas and he go back a long way, even though Jonas is a good 20 years younger, so he gives Jonas some slack. But Tiger regards me as the purest greenhorn, a landlubber, and at best treats me with a gruff tolerance. Right now his look says he has me classified somewhere around bait.

He steps aside from the helm, and I take over the wheel. "It's a bitch out there," he growls. "The winds are up to 50 knots, though they're still blowing from the northeast. It'll take all you have just to keep her on course." He gives me a piercing look. "Do you think you're up to it?"

I laugh. "Do I have a choice?"

Tiger's look doesn't waver. I can see the doubt in his eyes, and my irritation flares up. "Why don't you get some sleep?" I say, trying to keep the anger out of my voice.

Tiger says nothing for another few seconds, then turns and climbs down the ladder. "Wake me if you need any help," he mutters over his shoulder.

The course we're sailing is 55 degrees east-northeast, keeping us running with the storm. There may be some tacking involved, but according to Tiger and Jonas, we should get to Honolulu within nine days. I think about beaches of fine-grained white sand fringed by palms and hold on to the wheel, my eye fixed on the compass set in the binnacle. The sails are all down, of course, except for the staysail, and the shrouds scream bloody hell in the rising winds. The blackness outside is so thick, it would ooze between my fingers like mud. Each time the *Billy B* charges forward into an approaching wave, gallons of water pour into the cockpit; in a couple of minutes I'm completely soaked. I wonder what the fuck I was thinking when I let Jonas talk me into signing aboard.

As the hours go by, the sky lightens; by the last half hour of my watch, the night has pretty much disappeared. At 0800 Jonas climbs up into the cockpit from below, his eyes still scrunched from sleep. He wraps his arms around me from behind, and I feel the bulge of his crotch against me. I've been battling the elements for the past four hours, and I'm glad for human company. At this point even Tiger would look good.

I turn my head, and we exchange a long, wet kiss with plenty of tongue. His hands slide under my shirt, scraping me with an agreeable roughness. He gives my nipples a tweak.

"How you doin'?" he murmurs in my ear.

"A lot better now," I say, grinning. "It's good to see you."

Jonas's hands slide down my jeans and cup my crotch. "You ain't so hard on the eyes yourself, little buddy," he growls.

I laugh. "You know, whenever you call me 'little buddy,' I think of Gilligan and Skipper."

Jonas smiles slyly. "That's just who we are, little buddy."

By early afternoon the storm begins to break. The rain has stopped, and the wind has slowed to 30 knots. The seas are rough, but I don't get the feeling anymore that we're skirting disaster—until Tiger comes grimly clumping up the ladder.

"There's a crack in our freshwater tank," he says gruffly. "Most of our drinking supply has leaked out into the bilge."

Jonas has been taking a reading of our position with the sextant. He lowers his arms. "Shit!" is all he manages to say.

Tiger holds up a jerrican. "I filled this before all the water leaked out. I doubt it'll last till we get to Honolulu, though."

"Is this where one of us offers to jump overboard?" I ask.

"Of course we don't hear about this until the rain has stopped," Jonas says. He goes back to his sextant.

> "Shoot on my face, Chris," he growls. "Slime it up good."

Six days later we're down to two cups a day per person. The weather has been fair the entire time.

I'm the first to see the ship 20 degrees off the starboard bow. It's late morning, and my watch is winding down. I call down the hatch, "Hey, guys, there's someone out here!"

Jonas and Tiger scramble up the ladder. Jonas peers out of the binoculars. "It's a fishing boat," he says. When Tiger hails it on the radio, all he gets is Spanish. Jonas takes over, speaking rapidly. He ends the transmission, looking up and grinning. "It's a Peruvian tuna clipper. They'll give us enough water to get to Honolulu."

The boat changes course and pulls up about 30 feet from us. Jonas and I row across in the *Billy B*'s dinghy with as many empty cans as we can find. The clipper is pretty weather-beaten, its paint peeling and the upper part of its hull covered in barnacles. I can just make out the name, *Celestina*, in flaking red paint. We scramble aboard. The boat has just hauled in a load of tuna; they lie on the deck in flopping silvery piles.

The crew consists of two brothers, Rodrigo and José. Rodrigo seems the elder, mid to late 20s, tall, powerfully built, with a three-day stubble and a thick black mustache. His dark eyes regard us shrewdly. José is shorter and wirier. He seems just barely out of his teens, not much younger than I am. He flashes us both a smile that gleams on his dark face.

Jonas and I fill our cans, Jonas chatting in Spanish with the two of them. Rodrigo pulls out a gray metal flask and passes it around. Rotgut bourbon, which doesn't stop me from taking a deep swig. By the fourth pass, things have loosened up a lot.

Rodrigo says something to Jonas without taking his eyes off me. José grins, and so does Jonas. He looks at me and winks. "Rodrigo thinks you're very handsome," he says.

"How am I supposed to take that?" I ask, laughing.

Jonas shrugs. "It looks like anyway you want."

Rodrigo and I exchange a long look. The man's black eyes gleam with unmistakable invitation. He has a sensual mouth, full and red; his shirt is unbuttoned, affording a glimpse of a smooth, well-muscled torso. I glance at José and see the same light in his eyes. He doesn't look like such a kid anymore.

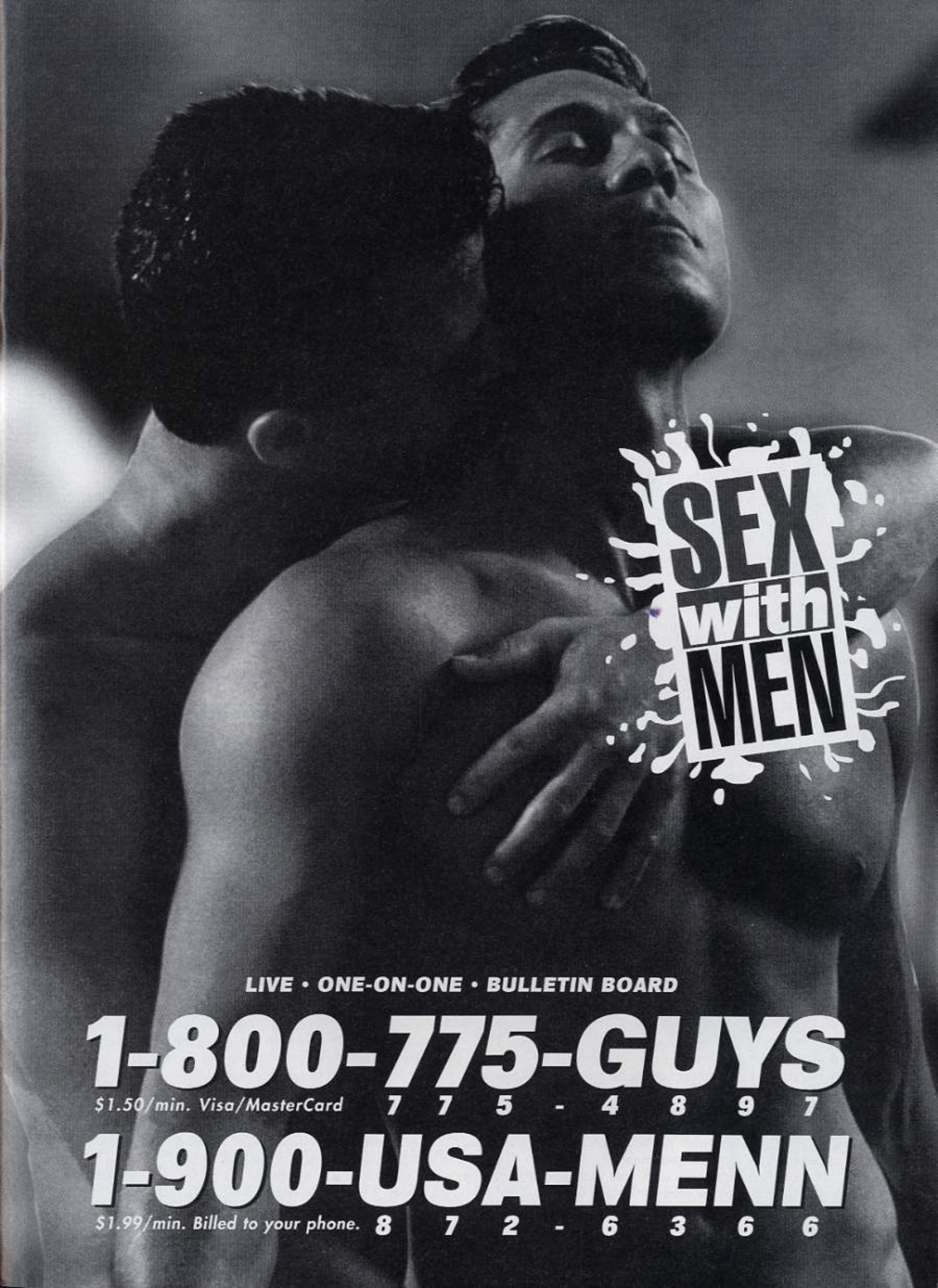
I turn to Jonas. "Do these guys speak any English?" I ask.

Jonas shakes his head. "Not as far as I can tell."

"They're a couple of horny bastards," I say. "What do you say—should we go for it?"

Jonas glances at the two brothers, and they grin and nod their heads at him. Apparently their invitation isn't limited to me. "Hell, yeah!" Jonas laughs. He waves José over.

José is only too happy to oblige. He walks up and runs his hands over Jonas's muscular chest. Jonas pulls him close and kisses him hard, their mouths working together, their hands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exploring each other. Jonas begins unbuckling José's belt.

Rodrigo walks over to me and lays his hand on my chest. He towers over me. He's still smiling, but his eyes are calculating. His forehead is lined with sweat; I can see drops of it sparkling in his thick eyebrows. He bends down and kisses me, thrusting his tongue deep down my throat. I can smell the whiskey on his breath, and his body stinks of sweat and fish. I breathe it all in, my dick springing up hard. I slide his shirt off his shoulders, and it drops to the deck. I lift his left arm and burrow my face in his smelly pit.

I glance in Jonas's direction. He's turned away from me, and I see his muscled back, the clenching and relaxing of his perfect ass as he plows José's mouth. I give his butt a squeeze and then pry his ass crack open with my fingers. Jonas turns his head and gives me a randy grin. I wink back and then turn to Rodrigo and kiss him again, shoving my tongue into his mouth. I drag my tongue down his neck and across his chest, swirling it around his nipples. Rodrigo bends his head and croons a low torrent of words in my ear, his voice guttural and thick. I bend my knees and drag my tongue down Rodrigo's torso, across the hard ridges of his belly.

I kneel before him, my knees scraping against the fish scales and sea slime that coat the deck. Rodrigo's cock looms above my face, as thick and gnarled as a madrona root. For the past five months, I've been feeding exclusively off of Jonas's meat; I know his fat pink cock and plump balls as well as I know my own. Rodrigo is such a contrast, his dick a rich, dark coffee; the head flared and purple; and his balls hanging heavily in a fleshy sac as black and velvety as twilight. I bury my nose in them and breathe in the rank, musky odor; Rodrigo's body is a garden of ripe stinks. I open my mouth and suck his balls in. Rodrigo strokes my face with his dick, and I feel the smear of his precome on my cheek. I look up, my mouth full of scrotum, across the long expanse of Rodrigo's muscled body. Framed by blue sky, he looks down at me and smiles, his teeth flashing in his dark face, his eyes bright and shrewd.

I give his butt a squeeze and then pry his ass crack open.

Rodrigo buries his fingers in my shaggy hair and yanks my head back. He traces his fingers down my face, across my eyelids and cheeks, cradling my chin with his hand as his eyes burn into mine. He gently lays his fingers across my lips. I open my mouth and suck them in. Soon Rodrigo replaces them with his stiff cock. Grasping my head, he pumps his hips, grinding them against my face as his cock pushes against the back of my throat. I close my eyes and sink into the sensation of a new cock. Rodrigo fucks my face with slow, easy strokes, growling in Spanish. I twist my head from side to side to give him the full benefit of my lips against his tender shaft. He groans and quickens the pace of his thrusts.

I glance at Jonas. José is flat on his back on a pile of dead fish with Jonas sprawled on top of him.

Jonas looks at me. "Damn!" he growls. "This boy is begging for a fucking, and I don't have any rubbers!"

I find my shorts and grab a packet of condoms. I toss one to Jonas. He stares at the foil package in his hand and then at me. "How the hell did you wind up with these?"

"I pulled them out of storage this morning right before my watch," I say. "I was going to replenish the supply under my bunk." I grin. "Isn't that what you're always trying to teach me about sailing? Anticipate all emergencies?"

I turn to Rodrigo again. His dark eyes watch me as I tear off the top of the foil with my teeth and pull a condom out. I unroll the condom down his dick and pull him toward me. He pins me to the deck with a brawny forearm and hoists my legs over his shoulders. He scoops a handful of fish slime from a puddle on the deck and slicks his cock with it. I wrap my legs around his torso and relax as he impales my ass. Rodrigo's eyebrows meet in concentration, and a low grunt escapes his mouth as he slides inside me. For a few heartbeats we lie motionless as my asshole says hello to Rodrigo's cock. Then, with a gentleness that surprises me, he pumps his hips. I push up to meet him, and he picks up the pace, slamming into me.

It's late afternoon, and the sun beats down on us. Sweat trickles down Rodrigo's face and splashes onto mine. I reach up and twist his nipples. He grinds his hips against me; it feels as if I have about two feet of cock inside me. I squeeze my ass muscles hard, clamping down on him. He gasps and gives a long, trailing groan. I arch my back up and squeeze again. He groans louder this time, his eyes wide and startled. I'm giving this guy a fuck he won't forget. I push my hips up to meet him, matching the rhythm of his thrusts, and start beating off, timing my strokes to the pounding he's giving me.

The stench of fish is overwhelming; it defines everything else, addles my sunbaked brain. Things fall apart into a chaos of images: Rodrigo's black, snapping eyes; his sweat-drenched torso; the boat's mast pitching and yawing above us; the creak of the rigging; the blazing tropical sun; Jonas's loud grunts; the flapping bodies of dying tuna all around us…

Rodrigo has quickened his pace, and his dick slams into my ass with a punishing regularity, little whimpers escaping from his open mouth. I reach down and give his balls a good squeeze, and Rodrigo groans loudly. His body trembles violently, and I feel his load pulse out of his dick and into the condom up my ass. A few strokes of my hand push me over the edge too. My dick gives a sharp throb, and the orgasm sweeps over me, jizz squirting onto my belly, my chest, my neck, my face. I cry out as my spunk gushes, and Rodrigo growls approval. He collapses atop me, pushing his tongue into my mouth. We kiss feverishly as the last sex spasms pulse through our bodies.

I glance toward Jonas and José and get an eyeful of Jonas's ass pumping away. Their bed of fish is now pretty much scattered, and tuna bodies lay strewn all over the deck. Jonas has wrapped his powerful arms around José in a bear hug and is giving the boy the ride of his life. José groans, and Jonas joins in, his moans rising in pitch and volume. Suddenly he pulls out, rips the condom off, and starts jacking off. His body shakes violently, and a thick wad of jizz squirts out of his dick onto José's face. This is followed by another spurt, this time on his chest, and then another. José opens his mouth to receive the spermy rain, lapping it up hungrily. He groans, and I see his own load ooze between his fingers. Jonas shakes his body like an old mutt caught in the rain; drops of sweat scatter. He looks at me with eyes glassy from heat and sex, but the silly, lopsided grin on his face is the same as ever.

"Damn," he says, laughing. "That was a kick in the ass!"

We row back to the *Billy B* with our water containers full. Tiger eyes us suspiciously as we scramble aboard. He's curious about why we took so long, but he'll be damned if he's going to ask us. Jonas hands him a couple of the containers to stow.

Tiger wrinkles his nose. "Jesus H. Christ!" he exclaims. "You stink worse than a beached whale."

"Well, hell, Tiger," Jonas says, all innocence. "We were on a tuna boat. What do you expect?" ●

Fall Preview

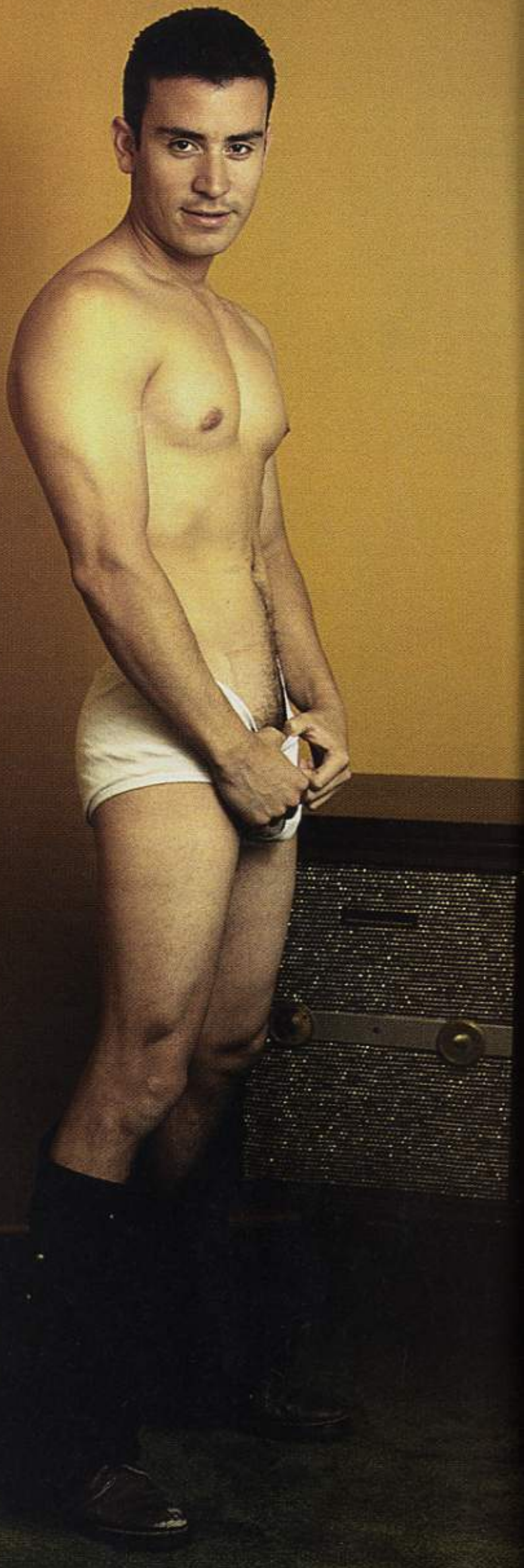
Model: **Billy Ray Fox**
Photography:
Keefer/Studio 1435

Cheap date

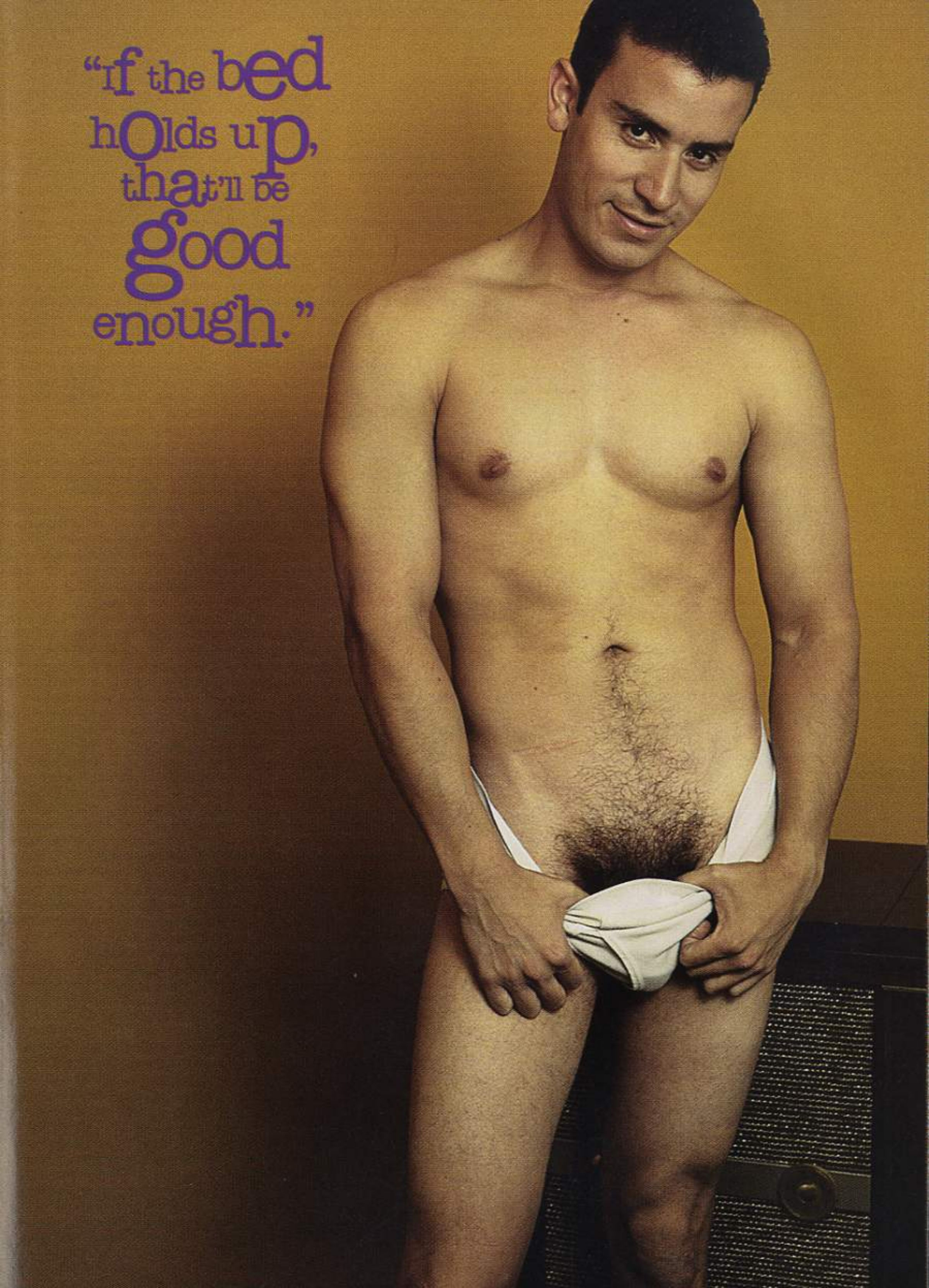
Model: **Dylan** Photography: **Angus Boone**

"It's a pretty sleazy room, but it'll do."

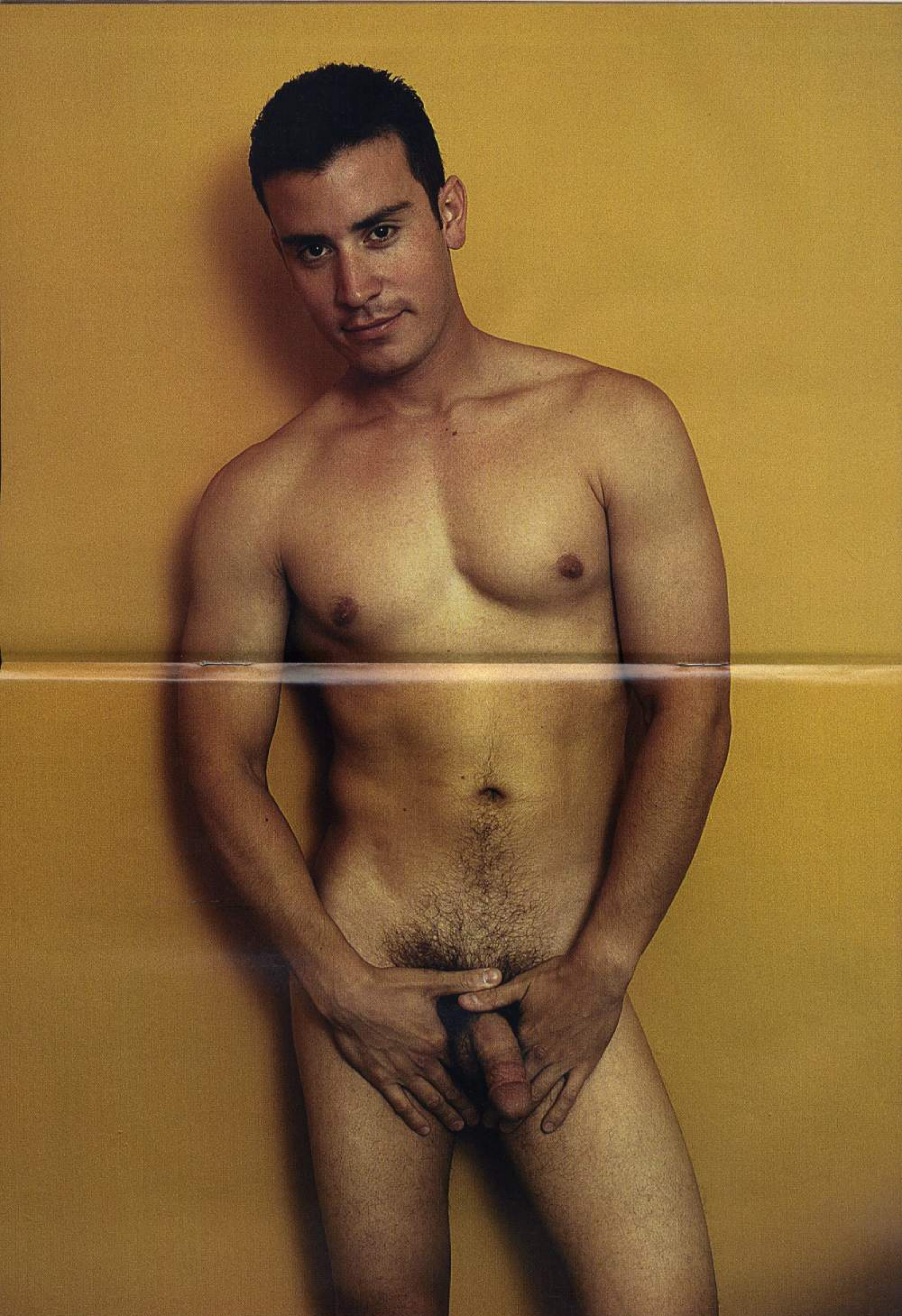
“we’ll only need it for a few hours.”

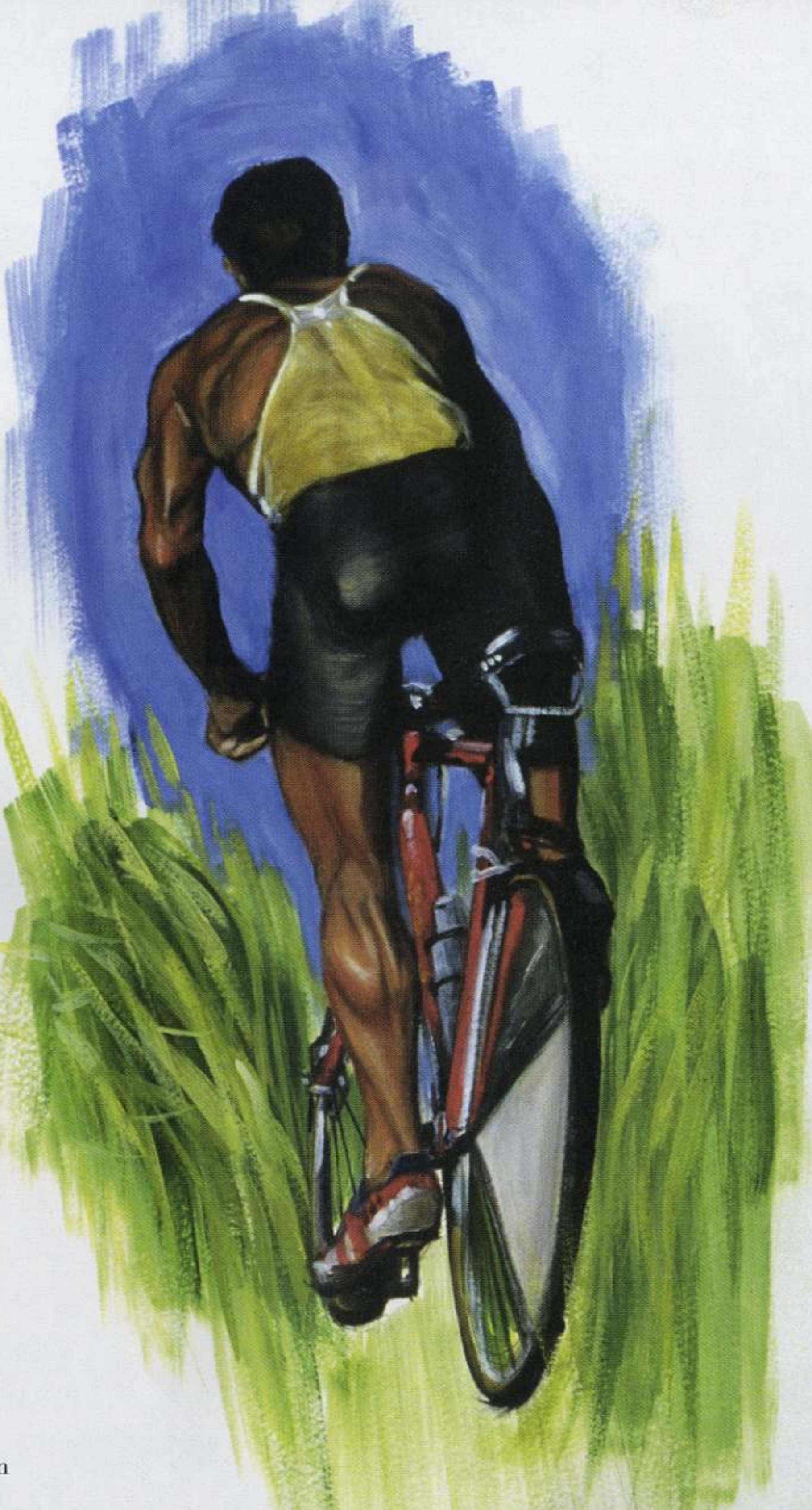


"If the bed holds up, that'll be good enough."



"Let the people
in the next room
complain."





Buddy

by R.J. March

Illustration by Beau

The road to the lake, little more than a trail, really, was muddy but passable, and Jim Danzer cursed it every time he bottomed out his Ford Fairlane. He'd long ago shut off the radio in disgust, unable to pick up anything but Holy-Rolling Christian stations with their Bible-thumping bastards pleading with him to repent his evil ways. "I got your repenting right here," he said, grabbing a handful of Jim bone and squeezing. The gesture was lost, though, with no one to see it. He put both hands back on the wheel as the trail took a sudden left into the underbrush, the Fairlane bouncing on squealing springs.

He looked into his rearview mirror—miraculously, actually, because if he hadn't looked, he'd have never seen the kid—and did what he could to make room for the mountain-biking fool. "You're crazy, man," he yelled out the window, causing the boy on the bike to laugh back at him and flip him a good-natured bird, his spandexed butt shining in the sun. Jim watched the boy's bulging calves, sun-browned and feathered with smooth, straight hairs, and he grabbed his crotch again. This time it was a hard handful. He shook his head, not sure what was going on down there. He hadn't had a queer thought in years, and now, all of a sudden…

He was going to the lake to do a little soul-soothing, to get out of the city for a bit. A friend from work told him about this place, this lost little lake, clean and quiet, tucked out of the way, a little to the north, a little to the east. The trail ended, and Jim parked the car in a field of tall grass.

He didn't pull out his gear but instead went walking toward the blue shimmering water he could see through the trees. He passed the mountain bike lying on its side but thought nothing of it. He looked across the lake. From where he stood he could see the whole of it, its edges lined with fir trees, surrounded by the mountains of the Adirondack range. It was long and narrow; he thought he might be able to swim it from end to end without too much trouble. It was then that he noticed the silence, nothing but birdcalls and the noise the wind makes through the trees. He folded his arms across his chest and felt something like redemption.

There was a cabin somewhere nearby. He touched his pockets for the key. The windows would be shuttered, and the place was going to need some serious airing out, he was warned. "It's on the primitive side," Dave had said to him, making a face. Dave's wife was wanting him to sell it, and she thought Dave had found himself a taker with Jim. "Just check it out," Dave had said. "It's going cheap."

Well, so far, so good, he said to himself, finding a path that ran along the shore, heading for a dense cove of trees that seemed a likely spot for a cabin. He heard a small whoop and a splash and saw someone—the mountain-bike boy, he deduced—cutting through the water. *Skinny-dipping?* Jim wondered hopefully, but then he saw the boy climb up out of the water onto a rock that barely broke the lake's surface and saw those fine legs still black-butted in spandex. His upper body was finely developed too, and he stretched his arms up over his head, the water runoff making him shimmer in the midday sun. Jim caught himself staring. Just then the boy appeared to spot him too, looking at Jim with cupped hands over his eyes. He raised a wary hand, as if unsure it would be seen. Jim waved back and got on his way again, talking in his head about how stupid he was, checking this kid out in broad daylight, being so obvious.

As he pushed his body through the tall grass, his bare legs switched by weeds, he thought about the last time he saw Dave, when he was picking up the keys to the cabin. His wife, Connie, was going to be out, and Dave had told Jim to just come around to the back of the house. He found him there, asleep on a hammock on the deck. He was stretched out, his arms thick and akimbo. *The little hairy runt,* Jim had said to himself, looking at his passed-out friend, his legs spread wide, his toes pointed to the sky. He couldn't have been more than 5 foot 6, and he had one of those cocky attitudes common to men of small stature. He worked extra hard in the gym and even harder at work, where Jim had gotten to know him, both of them senior mechanics at Boyle Boys Mufflers. But seeing him there like that, laid out to the sun and half snoring, a little dynamo looking so vulnerable, turned the Danzer dick to marble. He took a moment to scope out the hairy cave of Dave's crotch, dark and hard to make out. Dave shifted suddenly, his hand going down to where Jim's eyes had rested so intently, and plucked out one fuzzy ball and then another, his eyes closed, his mouth pursed, then falling open. He snored for real, and Jim marveled at Dave's bowling bag: *Look at those fuckin' stones!*

Now what? he had wondered. He had a six-pack in one hand. He checked out the yard, looked back at Dave's open legs, the low-hangers that drooped like heavy, overripe fruit on the vine. He licked his lips and noticed the fine mist of sweat that had formed on his upper lip.

Dave opened his eyes.

"Jimbo," he muttered sleepily.

"What?" Jim barked, startled, almost dropping the beers.

Dave pushed his fists into his eyes, squirming on the hammock, his chest rising and spreading under his T-shirt. "Whoops!" he said, and his hand flew to his crotch, where he pushed his balls up into his shorts again. "Thought I felt a breeze." He grinned. "I'll take one of those," he added, hand out and waiting for a beer.

"I gotta use the toilet," Jim said suddenly, handing the beer over to Dave, who directed him to the one downstairs. By himself, standing in front of the pisser, he pulled out his boner and tried to will it down, but it wasn't going anywhere. A drippy drop of precome peeped up from the pee slot. "Aw, jeez," he complained aloud, resigning himself to

the task at hand. He tugged at the loosely circumcised, flat-headed prong a couple of times, half disgusted, half amazed with himself. He looked up at the ceiling and blamed Dave for his problems and dribbled an urgent load into the toilet.

He stepped into the deep shade of firs, the needles slippery under his feet, then the sun was on him again almost as quickly as it had disappeared, and he saw the cabin in the clearing. Pine trees fenced it in and made it secluded, but some were cleared away, allowing for a view of the lake. He ran up to the porch and stood there, and he could see the boy again, the rock being some kind of natural dock. He was tempted to go on down, but the boy being there... He dug into his pockets for the keys.

The place was in much better shape than he'd been led to believe, but he guessed Connie hated it enough to be unable to speak nicely about it even while trying to unload it. He went around unshuttering the windows, getting a good, refreshing breeze going. He took the sheets off the furniture—functional, sturdy. He stepped out on the porch again and started down to the water. He was hot and dusty and decided it was time for a swim. The mountain biker was gone, and he scanned the lake for anyone else and found it empty, so he stripped down to nothing and stepped out onto the half-submerged rocky trail that jutted some 20 feet out into the water.

It was cold but felt good, and he flailed around the way he did when he didn't care who was watching him. He'd had a decent stroke, having taken swimming lessons when he was a kid, but now he was out to cool off. He splashed and kicked and got out and jumped back in again and again. When he'd had enough he lay down on the rock, the water lapping around him, and he was, for the most part, out of it and drying in the sun. He was almost asleep when he heard snapping twigs and a metallic rattle. He opened his eyes and saw the mountain-biking boy parked on his bike at the end of the stone dock.

"Hey," he called out to Jim.

Instead of scrambling for cover—there was nowhere to go but the water, anyway—he decided to tough it out. He sat up and crossed his legs, putting his elbows on his knees. "How you doin'?" he replied, a pained smile on his face as the kid rode out onto the rocks, hopping from one to the next with what looked like great exertion. Jim was amazed that the kid got as far as he did before toppling into the water.

"Shit!" the kid hollered when he resurfaced. "I used to be able to ride out to where you are!"

He got himself and his bike out of the water and, leaving the bike, joined Jim on the last big flat rock.

"Where's Mr. Mazzeo?" he asked.

"Dave?" Jim said, surprised, although there was no reason to be; Dave had owned the cabin for some time now and was bound to be known by whatever locals there happened to be. Up close, he saw the boy wasn't really boyish; the "kid" was probably closer to 30 than 20. Still, he was a good-looking guy, his brown hair looking longer now that it was wet and dripping, plastered to his neck and the sides of his face. He got down on his haunches, his thighs monstrously huge, and Jim saw the crotch of his biking shorts worn to gray, bulging pleasantly. He glanced down at his own wad of cock and balls just to make sure it was all there and not hanging out in plain view. Bike boy stuck his hand out.

"My name's Felix, but nobody calls me that," he said, apparently comfortable enough to shake a nude man's hand.

"So what do they call you?"

"A little bit of everything," the man said, looking out over the water. "They call me Buddy lately." He paused. "Mr. Mazzeo isn't coming up?" He sounded disappointed.

Jim's own discomfort was growing, and he felt he'd better make a run for it before he embarrassed himself. He stood up quickly, seeing his dick had already begun to swell. It was fat and heavy and swayed ponderously. In no time, Jim knew, it would pulse upward. "Uh, Dave's at home. He wants to get rid of the place. He thinks I'm the one to take it off his hands." Jim stepped around the squatting boy and made his way over the rocks. Buddy got up and followed.

He was relieved to get his pants on, but the boy seemed intent on staying. Jim's cock was in that halfway stage; it lay hotly against the top of his thigh and felt good there. He eyed Buddy, whose own dick, trapped in the tight confines of his shorts, was of some prominence, having all the appearances of erection.

Jim's cock was in that halfway stage; it lay hotly against the top of his thigh and felt good there.

"My dad's got the service station up the highway," Buddy was saying, carrying a box of groceries. "We got ourselves a little general store there too, so if you ever need anything, just give us a holler. I'd be happy to run it down to you."

"I'd have to holler pretty loud," Jim said. "No phone."

Buddy laughed. "That's right. I keep forgetting." He set the groceries down and put a hand on a support beam. "I always liked this place," he said. "Mr. Mazzeo used to come out all the time."

"Did he?" Jim said.

"Oh, yeah," Buddy said. "Him and me would swim and hike and stuff, and sometimes he'd send me up to Harley for a bottle, and we'd play poker when I'd come back." He put his forehead against the beam. "You a good friend of his?"

"We work together," Jim said.

Buddy nodded but didn't say anything. He seemed to Jim a little sad. "I'm getting kind of hungry," Jim said. "Got a couple of steaks in the cooler there. Why don't you help me get this shit inside and find a grill and let me feed you?"

Buddy's face broke into a grin. "That'd be nice," he said, picking up the box of groceries and bounding up the steps.

After dinner they went down to the rock again and listened to the fish jumping. The moon was out, along with a million stars. "Me and Dave used to come out here all the time at night like this," Buddy said, his voice soft, as though he didn't want to disturb the peacefulness of the night.

"You really miss him, don't you?" Jim said, feeling the heat of the man's flesh radiate.

"Yeah, but now you're here," Buddy said, and Jim wondered if he was going to have to entertain this big ol' kid for the whole of his vacation. All the noise of the night disappeared then, sucked out as though by a vacuum, and Buddy said, "You want me to suck you off?"

The fumbling hands on his fly; the sudden, hot breath licking his uncovered stomach; the piss-warm water kissing up to his ankles—the combination hoisted up his pecker so that the head peeked out from under the waistband of his pants. Buddy tongued over it, forgetting for the moment to undo Jim's trousers. He put his hands up Jim's shirt, fingers seek-

ing out the tiny, pointed nipples, pinching and pulling them. Jim's fingers tangled confusedly in the boy's hair, and he wondered why he couldn't stop himself and whether he should. He wanted to be a man, and men didn't do this shit, but he also wanted–more than anything else at that moment–to feel the heat of Buddy's mouth enveloping his rock-hard cock. His hands slipped down to the boy's naked shoulders–it was hard not to think of Buddy as some innocent farm boy, simple, eager to please–and massaged his meaty deltoids. He was lean and built, and Jim remembered from the afternoon the brownish hair that grew here and there on his chest–around his nipples, up and out of his black skintight shorts, up to his navel and then over it, fanning out, thinning out over his rolling abs. He felt the boy's hands again on his fly, and his pants fell down to his ankles, into the water, and Buddy bathed Jim's groin with a flood of spit.

"Oh, my," Jim breathed, and he heard his voice echo all over the lake. The dark eyes of the mountain watched him. He closed his own as Buddy took him into his mouth. *What am I doing?* he asked silently, and Buddy's head made a deep plunge, taking all of Jim's burning cock. The seven inches posed no problem to the boy, nor did the circumference; Buddy adjusted his jaw like a snake and took the whole of it with an ease that amazed Jim, who'd never experienced such an awesome blow job. He tipped his head back, looked up at the sky, and marveled at his luck, reminding himself to thank Dave Mazzeo for this cocksucker who seemed to come along with the cabin like the furniture and the view. Then he got to thinking about Dave and his little Buddy. Good old Dave. All those weekend trips out to the cabin without Connie, getting hammered, getting blown–the lucky fucking dog.

But now *he* was the lucky dog, and he grabbed Buddy's head and fed him some Jim bone, wanting to feel the tickle of the boy's tonsils on the end of his dick. The boy gargled his own spit, trying to keep up with the pumping Jim was giving him. Dick tingling, he pulled out and pressed the spit-covered thing against Buddy's face. "Is this what you like, Buddy?" he asked. "You like this big fucking cock? Is it better than Dave's?" He leered down at the boy kneeling at his feet in the water. His hand dug into the front of his bike shorts, jacking away. He nodded up at Jim, who stroked the kid's cheek, putting his fingers into the boy's hungry mouth. Buddy sucked his fingers with as much sensuality as he did Jim's dick, and this made Jim crazy. He stabbed into Buddy's mouth again, pounding his meat against the back of Buddy's throat. He gritted his teeth and lifted up on his toes, trying to hold back the flood he felt welling up in his nuts.

"Aw, Christ," he shouted, releasing gush after gush of come into Buddy, who sucked it all down greedily. Buddy pushed his shorts down and shot a sputtering load. It glowed in the moonlight, as did his impressively large penis, thick and pulsing, still drooling.

"Oh, boy," Buddy said, getting up. He leaned against Jim, pressing his body against the older man's. "We're gonna be good friends, ain't we, Jim?"

"Oh, yeah," Jim said, holding the big boy close. He felt Buddy's lips on his throat, his big hard-on snuggling up to Jim's softening one. *Real good friends,* he thought.

Jim grew accustomed to Buddy and his mouth. Hiking with the boy, he'd feel a tug on his backpack and turn to see Buddy handling his enormous pecker and eyeing up the front of Jim's shorts, waiting for the inevitable spurt of growth. Swimming nude, they'd both be as hard and randy as teenagers, wrestling and humping underwater, scrambling to the rocks to empty their nuts on each other's wet and sun-browned bodies. Rest and relaxation had turned into sex, sex, and Buddy was perpetually hard, perpetually horny. But he wouldn't do anything but blow Jim. Jim had tried once, not exactly gung ho on the idea, to reciprocate, and Buddy wouldn't let him. "Let me take care of you," he had said. "It's what I like."

And so Jim let the boy do what he liked, sitting up on the porch on a rickety old chair, Buddy between his thighs like a dog, lapping up the stiff prong that jutted from Jim's dark bush. Buddy's head bobbed, his tongue stiff on the sensitive underside of the Jim bone, his unshaved chin rough on the dangling balls. Jim stroked Buddy's hair, petting the boy, forcing more and more dick down his throat. He'd noticed he was being more and more free with the boy, taking liberties, using his mouth like a pussy. Most recently he liked pulling out and squirting thick ropes of come across the boy's face, watching it drip down his nose and into his gaping mouth. He did that earlier and then surprised him by getting down on his knees and licking the goo off, causing Buddy to spray Jim's crotch with hot spew.

They were at it again. Jim's naked legs were spread wide, the hair on them lightened from the sun. He felt like a new man. He put his hands behind his head, enjoying this leisurely blow job, listening to Buddy slurping and moaning, making more than enough noise to cover Dave Mazzeo's approach.

Neither the sucker nor the suckee realized that their privacy had been violated until Dave cleared his throat. Then both men jumped about ten feet, and the old rocker gave out under him on his way down. Dave busted out laughing, Buddy put a hand over his heart, and Jim picked himself up out of the rocking-chair rubble.

"You two are something, I'll tell you," Dave said, giggling still. "I've been watching for some time, and I am impressed."

"Hey, Dave," Buddy said, naked and bonerized.

"I see you've been treating Jim here neighborly, and I want to thank you," he said, holding out his hand to shake Buddy's. Buddy took the hand and let Dave pull him off the porch. Jim watched the two men embrace, kissing hungrily. Buddy pulled and tugged on Dave's clothes, unbuttoning his shirt, fumbling with the zipper of his jeans. Jim's erection, scared away by Dave's arrival, had returned, reinforced.

Buddy moved Dave to the porch, getting his pants down to his knees. Dave sat his white-briefed butt down and let the boy pull off his hiking boots and relieve him of his jeans and socks. The sight of the man's bare feet triggered the animal in Buddy, and he got down on all fours and licked Dave's wriggling toes. Dave looked over his shoulder at Jim, who stood stiff and transfixed, amazed at the spectacle.

"I could use one of these at home," he said, laughing. "But what would Connie say?"

"And you want to give this up?" Jim said, finding his voice finally. His throat was thick, and he had a hard time keeping his eyes off of the bunchy muscles of Dave's shoulders, his grapefruit-size deltoids, the deep drop to the waistband of his B.V.D.s, where black and curly hairs sprouted.

"Yeah, just to get her off my back. But I want *you* to take it. See what I mean?"

Jim thought he saw what Dave meant, but he also saw Buddy's tongue sliding up Dave's black-haired shin, sticking the hairs to the skin. A glistening drop of come welled up like a tear and fell from his dick head, a dewy string.

Dave stood.

"Buddy here's going to pull down my shorts and get to working on my knob, Jimbo, and I was wondering if you'd kindly lick my asshole while I'm enjoying a little trip down my pal's throat." He looked back at Jim, who could only blink. "If you were to lie yourself down, Jimbo, I could squat

over your pretty face. You get it now?"

Jim wiped his face with his big hand, shaking his head. "I don't know," he said.

"You never ate asshole?" Dave said, incredulous. "Not even a girl's?"

"Never went with any girls like that," Jim offered lamely.

"And Buddy here didn't—"

Buddy's head snapped up. "You said I was to stay true!"

"Easy, boy," Dave said, tapping Buddy's cheek gently. "Get back to my legs—you're almost there." And then to Jim: "Just lie down and get your head close to the edge, Jimbo."

He put his head on the floorboards and looked up at Dave's white cotton butt. The briefs came down slowly, and Jim was presented with the Mazzeo moon, thick white glutes covered with hair. He gulped.

"Chow time!" Dave hollered, and he squatted over Jim's face, the dark crack opening, fat pink lips coming his way. They seemed to kiss Jim's chin, and then Dave readjusted his stance, and they landed smack on Jim's mouth. Jim kissed back and worked his tongue around and tried to keep his nostrils clear to breathe through. He felt Buddy's chin on the top of his head, making him hungry. He started eating Dave's butt, pretending it was pussy, but that didn't do too much for him; after a while it seemed that he'd always wanted to munch on Dave's hole. He stroked the man's broad back, reaching up and around, trying to grab his nipples, but they were lost to him in the thick mat of hair that covered Dave's chest.

"Damned if this ain't heaven," Dave said, and Jim agreed, his hair going spitty from Buddy's dripping drool. "Now, what do you say I turn around now and let you boys switch. Does that suit you both?"

Buddy nodded vigorously, still riding Dave's pecker. But Jim had some reservations. He'd been willing to do some work on Buddy, but Buddy was different and had earned a grudging tongue bath. Dave, on the other hand, was a slick-assed motherfucker, not to mention a coworker. He was also hotter than hell, and Jim had long been eyeing him up, following the older man around the garage in the beginning like an apprentice. He was only some five years older than Jim, and at 38 he was looking especially good, especially at that moment, the big, dripping dangle of his cock hovering over Jim's face. Its huge helmet was as red as a tomato and similarly shaped. He'd seen it soft in the men's room often and knew even that it was uncut—Dave tended to stand back from the urinal. The hair around it was thick and matted with Buddy's spit. The balls swung over Jim's forehead.

"All you gotta do is get it wet for Buddy's ass," Dave said.

The Jim bone hopped.

"Just do it, baby," Dave said, Buddy already getting to work on his ass.

Jim opened up, and it dropped in. As easy as that. He closed his lips around it and sucked. Easier still. Then Dave worked it in and out. A fucking breeze. Dave's huge, baggy balls covered his nose and stopped his breathing. Not bad, not bad at all.

"And now..." Dave said, bossy motherfucker. He pulled his plug out of Jim's salivating mouth, grabbed Buddy by the arm, and hauled him up.

"If you'll just lean yourself over right here, Buddy, I'll bet Jim wouldn't mind sucking you some while I'm fucking your ass," Dave said, spitting on his cock, getting it worked up.

"Hey, Jim," Buddy said, leaning over the supine man.

"Hey, Buddy," Jim said back.

"I could suck you some too," he said, and Jim nodded.

Dave stabbed into the boy, making him grunt. "Fuck!" Dave hollered. "This is what I've been missing!" He humped Buddy's ass with firm, even strokes, going deep and taking the boy's breath away. Jim got on his hands and knees and pushed his face into Buddy's crotch. The damn thing was as big as a tailpipe, and Jim had trouble getting past the head. Buddy pressed his face into Jim's back, his cheek smeared back and forth by Dave's thrusts, his tongue licking the sweat from Jim's shoulders. Jim grabbed the fat prick and jacked it, his mouth all over the head, crazy for the sweet leakage that spilled out every time Dave hit the kid's prostate. He heard the sharp slaps as Dave rode the boy, and his own pecker was aching from loneliness. He repositioned himself so that he was sitting before Buddy and all the boy had to do was bend over and take him into his mouth.

"Maybe the two of you could switch again," Dave said, grinning, sweat running into his eyes. He ran a hand over his forehead, his arm huge and flexed. He rode Buddy one-handed for a while, letting Jim enjoy the show, while Buddy gave Jim some inspired head. The boy's mouth was like a vacuum; he was drawing the come up from the well. Jim's nuts all but disappeared, and Buddy began to snort as Dave banged into the pliant ass. Jim fell back, hitting his head on the rocking chair, the pain minor compared with the pleasure he was getting from Buddy's mouth and roaming fingers. Buddy played with Jim's little hole, poking it gently, rubbing it with his thumb. It was slippery with spit from the boy's mouth, and the thumb slipped in easily, making Jim yip and tense up, but he soon relaxed and even wriggled his ass, trying to suck up more of the probing digit.

Jim got on his hands and knees and pushed his face into Buddy's crotch.

"Aw, shit, kids," Dave said. He got up on the porch, straddling Buddy, whose mouth he pulled off of Jim and filled with his own big rod. Jim watched with admiration as Buddy sucked the thick and veiny uncut monster, watching Dave's ass cheeks flex, the dark crack of his ass winking at him, making him dizzy. While Buddy caught the first blast of Dave's load, he jacked the Jim bone furiously, causing Jim to cry out and geyser his own hot cream all over Dave's knees. And Buddy, still stroking and sucking his two neighbors, brought himself off with a silent gush and a copious flow of juice that shot across Jim's smooth brown chest.

Back at Boyle Boys, Dave and Jim were sitting out behind the shop eating lunch. Naturally the events of that weekend at the cabin made them the best of friends these days.

"Connie's going to her mother's for the weekend," Dave said, waving his sandwich around. "Thought maybe you'd come by and play some cards. Or something."

Jim felt the tickle of his overalls against his hardening prick. He'd stopped wearing anything underneath them.

"I was thinking," Jim said, taking a bite of an apple, "that we could go to the cabin, see what Buddy's doing."

"Sounds like a plan," Dave said, the crotch of his overalls tenting already. "But Friday seems awfully far away. Why don't I come by tonight and try to talk you into buying the cabin again? Connie says I ain't working on you hard enough anyway."

"Well," Jim said, taking another bite of his apple, "Connie knows best, I guess." ●

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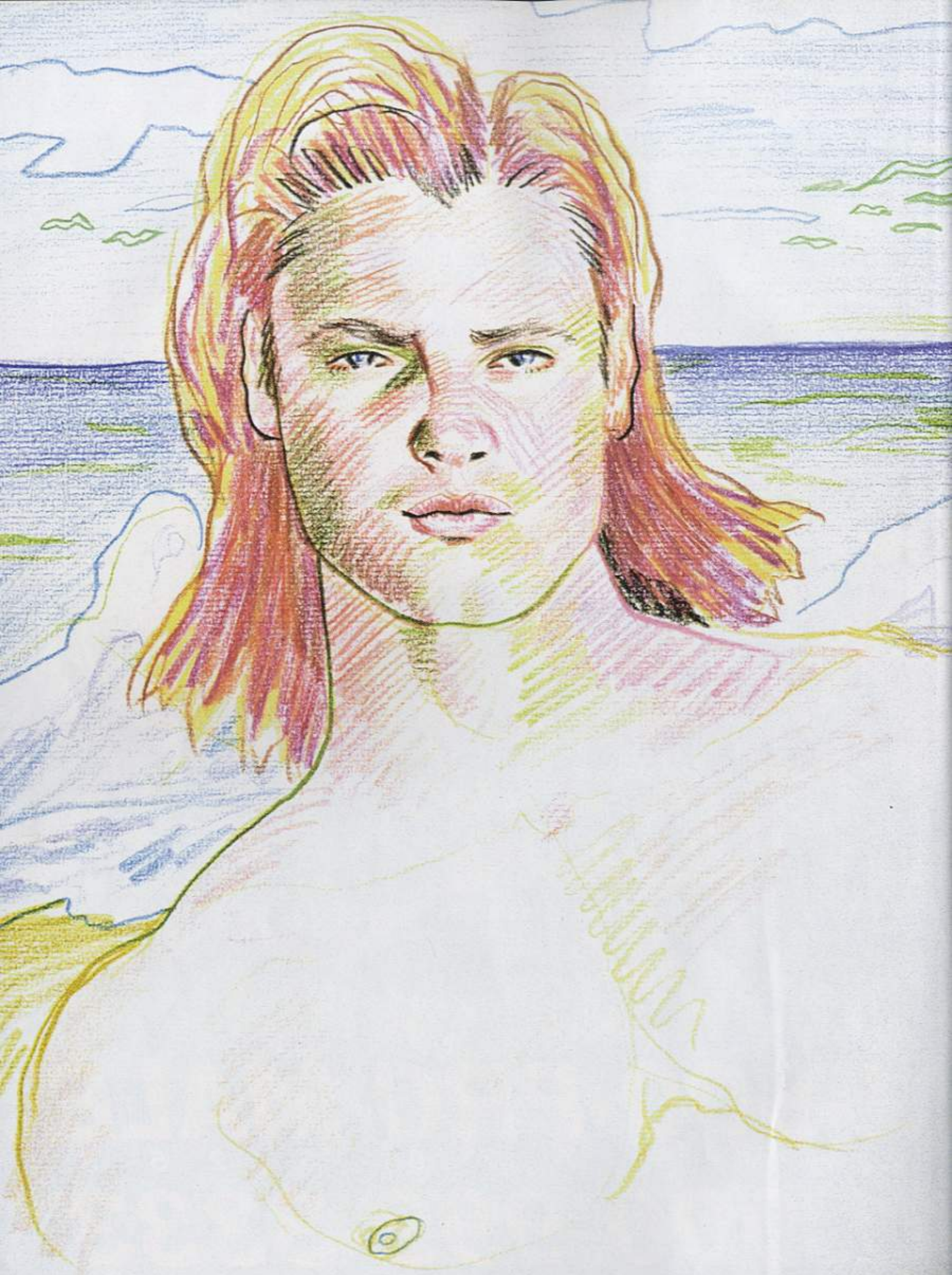

Wildwood Summer

by Eric Lahr Illustration by Miguel Angel Reyes

This is the story of two guys, Vinny and Woody. I'm Vinny. I met Woody last summer while I was working down the shore in Wildwood, N.J. My job was renting out beach umbrellas and Boogie boards. I liked my job—it paid enough to cover another semester at Rutgers, and I got to hang out on the beach. One thing I especially liked about Wildwood was that it was full of Italian guys. I'm half Italian myself, which is why I tan so deeply, and I'm half Irish, which is why I have the blue eyes. You'll hate me for this, but I'm in great shape, and I don't even work out that much. I have one of those wiry, muscular physiques. I know it sounds conceited, but I'm just telling you how it is.

The day I met Woody was typical: I got up, showered, and put on my swim trunks, a pair of flip-flops, shades, and a gold chain with my apartment key around my neck. Then it was off to work. I got to the beach by 11 a.m.

By 2 that day I was bored. I was standing there slathering some more lotion on my smooth pecs when along comes this dork of a customer. At least I thought he was a dork at first because he was wearing a white terry-cloth robe and a straw hat. But when he got up close, I could see that he was a damned cute guy. In this soft, husky voice, he said he wanted to rent an umbrella. I had him sign my clipboard. His name was Woodrow Brooke Lovejoy III.

"That's some name you've got," I said. I bet old Lovejoy didn't have to work for his college education; his name said *money* loud and clear.

"Yeah, I guess. They call me Woody." He smiled this crooked little smile that made my personal lovejoy stiffen. Woody was a good name for him. He wasn't my usual type—he was a blue-eyed blond with light skin. I'm not saying he was a marshmallow or anything, but as I said, I like Italians.

While I was picking up his umbrella, I caught him giving me the once-over out of the corner of his eye. I always let my trunks ride low on my hips, and when I bent over I bet he got an eyeful. Good.

I followed him to his blanket a few yards from the water's edge. There were a couple of other guys and a blond chick sitting on the blanket, and there were a bunch of surfboards lying around. I shoved the umbrella pole into the sand and then went back to my rental station.

Woody took off his robe. I couldn't believe it: The dude was wearing a dick suit. That's what me and my friends call those little bikini bathing suits. We usually laughed at guys who wore them—usually only French-Canadian guys wore dick suits in Wildwood. Woody gave me a new appreciation for dick suits, though. I couldn't see his package because he was facing toward the ocean, but I could see his tight little ass well enough to make a pup tent in my trunks.

I was stuck right where I was until 5 o'clock. I spent the time watching Woody and the other guys surf. I found out later that the other two guys were Woody's cousins, Josh and Bob. They were pretty good surfers, considering that the surf around Wildwood usually sucks. I wondered who the chick was. She spent the whole time lying under the umbrella. All I could think was that she'd better not be Woody's girlfriend.

Finally quitting time rolled around, and I figured I would go out and try to make friends with the boys. I took a Boogie board out and surfed by myself for a little while. After 15 minutes Josh called out, "Hey, why don't you get a real board?" I knew some surfers could be snobs about Boogie boards, but I wasn't going to let him get me mad. Instead I paddled out to where the guys were.

They were sitting there in a row on their boards. Josh and Bob were cute enough, I guess, but I couldn't take my eyes off Woody. He was like a sea god with his thick, wind-blown blond hair and his hard body glistening with salty spray. Two brown nipples peeked through the mat of sandy-brown hair on his chest. A line of hair ran down his flat belly from his navel into the dick suit, through which I could clearly see the bulge of his cock and balls.

"Yo, at least I get some rides on this thing," I said, smiling. It was true too—the surfboarders had to wait longer for a wave big enough to ride.

"You ever try a surfboard?" Woody asked.

"No, I guess not."

"You wanna try?"

"Woody, man, you should never lend out your board," said Bob.

"Hey, if he gets a ride, more power to him. Anyway, I wanna try out that Boogie board."

I knew Woody was a real nice guy after he offered to switch boards with me—every surfer I'd ever known was a selfish jerk about sharing his board.

"I'm gonna help you out," said Woody. "Come here and get on the board."

I got on.

"OK, you gotta get on your knees and bend over your

board, ready to paddle," Woody said. "When the wave comes you gotta paddle, and then you gotta pop right up onto your feet. You think you can do that?" He was standing behind me, and I could feel him eyeing my butt.

"Yeah, I think so."

"Good, because here comes a wave."

I was pretty pleased with myself at first. I was able to hang on, and then I executed a perfect pop and stood right up. The only problem was, when I popped up, my trunks didn't. I looked down and saw my trunks around my ankles, and I got so discombobulated, I fell headfirst into the water. I came up thrashing.

"You OK, man?" yelled Woody, cruising in on the Boogie board. He was laughing, but he was serious too. "Here, you might want these." He handed me my trunks. He looked down at my naked pecker. "Whoa, what's that?" he said. "Quick, put those trunks on before Michele sees that boa constrictor! I don't want you stealing my girlfriend!"

His cousins had fallen off their surfboards laughing. They were laughing at me, not with me, but I didn't give a fuck at that point. I was too freaked by Woody's admission that the blond chick was his girlfriend.

The girl was standing along the water's edge as I pulled my trunks up. She was waving Woody in. I caught up to them as they were heading back for the blanket. He gave me the Boogie board and said, "Thanks. I'll see you around. I gotta go."

but he has this innocent look that makes him seem younger. He's real easygoing and laid-back, always trying to be nice. He apologized like crazy every time he beat me. The only thing was, I couldn't figure him out. He seemed to like me well enough—I mean, I wasn't pointing a gun at his head to make him stay and play pool. And while we were playing I could feel him checking me out. But whenever I'd make a flirtatious remark, he would kind of grin in this embarrassed way and look around like he was afraid someone heard me.

After he kicked my ass for the fourth time in a row, I said, "Let's take a walk." Woody told me he'd been playing pool since he was a kid; his family had always had a billiards room. I suspected he came from money, but I didn't realize how much. His grandfather had founded a food-packaging company 80 years ago, and it was now a million-dollar business. Woody's dad inherited a fortune.

"They expect me to take over for my dad and keep the business going someday," he said.

"Oh, man, you have it made," I replied.

We were walking along the beach. I was horny as hell because Woody was looking so good. He wore a pair of loose denim cutoffs and a white T-shirt that didn't quite reach the top of his pants. With his big baby blues and his shaggy hair hanging to a couple of inches above his shoulders, he was looking more beautiful than ever. And on top of that, his body was perfectly proportioned and moved real gracefully, like an athlete's. You can understand why I was aroused.

While we were playing I could feel him checking me out.

"I start work at 11 a.m.," I said, catching Woody's eye. He gave me a big smile, then he and his girlfriend walked away.

The next day I was in a foul mood. Woody didn't show up, and I kept thinking of him naked with that boring blond chick. But as I was packing it in at the end of my shift, I saw him coming across the sand toward me.

"Yo, what's up?" I said, trying not to show how glad I was to see him.

"Yo yourself, buddy," he said, slapping me on the shoulder. "You wanna go out for a drink?"

Of course I did. We went down to this place that I hang at, the Sea Urchin. We got a booth and ordered a couple of brews. Jimmy, the bartender, must have thought Woody was my boyfriend, because I looked over and saw him giving me the thumbs-up from behind the bar.

Woody was telling me how he and his girlfriend had had a fight the previous night. She was complaining that he wanted to spend all of his time with his friends and not enough time with her. I'd heard that story before.

"Why don't you tell her to find another boyfriend?" I said helpfully.

"I can't tell my girlfriend to find another guy just like that," he said. "You must not have too much experience with girls."

"That's right, I don't," I said, looking him right in the eye and squeezing his knee under the table. He stared back for a second, then blushed. He cracked a crooked smile and looked at me. "You don't beat around the bush, do you?"

"Check out the big brain on Woody," I said, and we both laughed.

We played pool for a while. I couldn't believe how good Woody was. Nobody ever beat me twice in a row; if anyone else had done it, I would have been furious. But I wasn't mad at all. Instead I felt proud of Woody, like he was my kid brother. It's funny because he's actually a year older than me,

I had been getting chubbers off and on all night, and I was so totally "on" now, it was getting hard to walk. I tried to catch his hand a couple of times, but he wouldn't let me. He would pull away but with that big crooked grin on his face. Finally I stopped walking and said, "Wait. Look at me."

He stopped.

"Don't you like me?" I asked.

"Of course I like you. I didn't know if you liked me."

"Are you crazy?" I yelled. "I've only been limping along for a hundred miles with a torpedo in my pants." I grabbed his hand and made him feel my boner.

"Oh, yeah, the boa constrictor." He gave me a grin of shyness or embarrassment, but he didn't pull his hand away. Then I realized what was going on: The pricktease was playing hard to get. I guess he was used to being passive and waiting for the other person to make the first move.

"C'mere," I laughed, grabbing him by the back of his head. I pulled his face to mine and started sucking on his lips. He opened his mouth, and I stuck my tongue in. I was getting so excited that my engorged dick started poking its fat head over the top of my trunks. I thrust my pelvis toward his. "Look at that," I said. "The boa constrictor wants a kiss."

"I can't," he said. "I don't suck cock."

That wasn't what I wanted to hear, but I could tell from his voice that he was serious, so I dropped the subject. I didn't want to spoil the evening. Instead I got on my knees and unzipped his shorts. I slid his pants down, and his glistening white rod rose up, veins popping and ready for love. As I suspected, his dick was perfectly proportioned too, long and thick with a bulbous pink head.

I buried my face in his balls. They smelled like a heavenly mixture of musky male essence and sweet fabric softener. I kissed them and licked them for a few minutes as an appetizer, then got down to the main course. I grabbed his cock and shoved the head into my face. I sucked it like a

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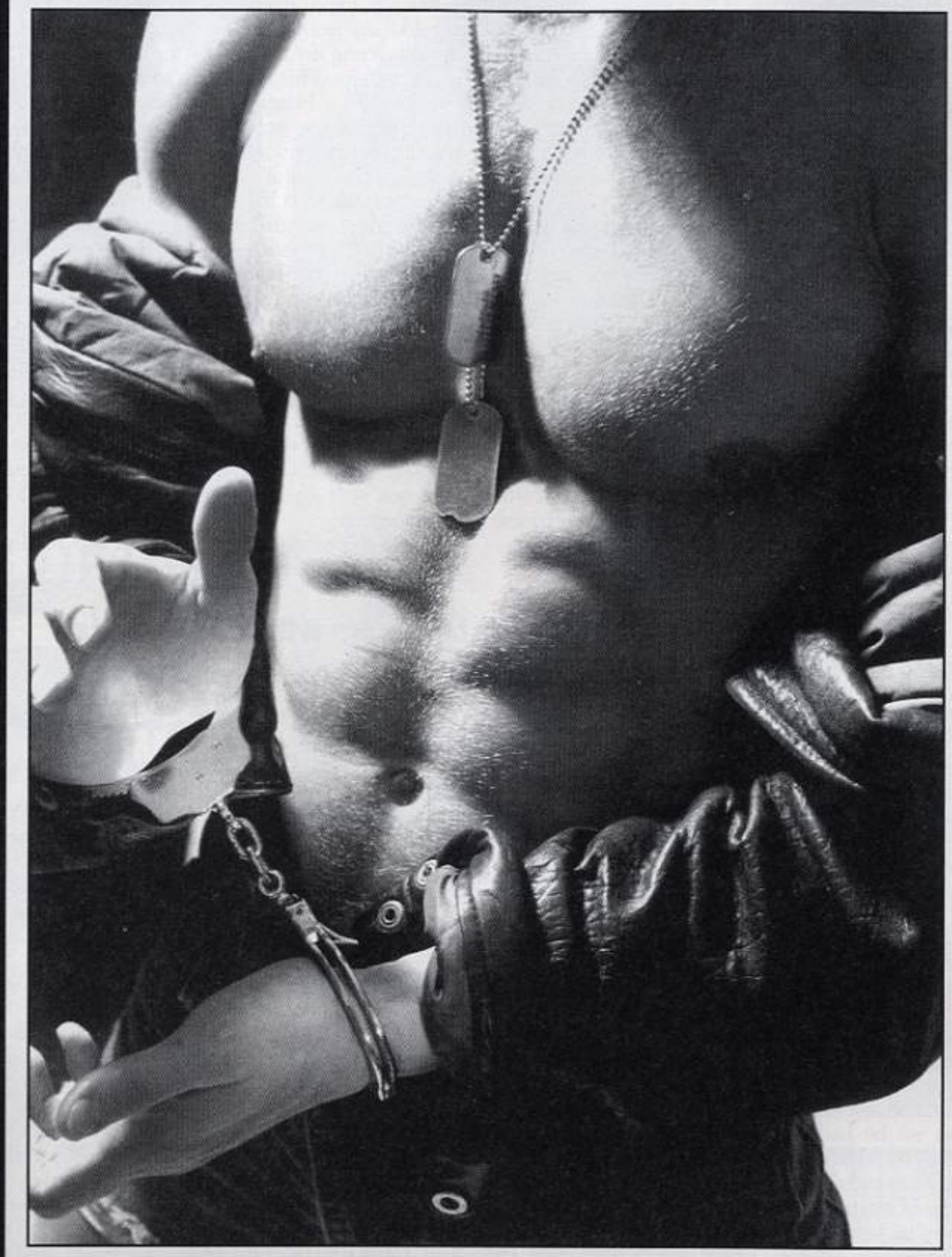

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pacifier first, then gobbled it deep down until his soft curly hairs were tickling my nose. I looked up at him and felt satisfied to see him in ecstasy, his eyes closed, head falling back, mouth hanging open. As I sucked, I fondled his buttocks with both hands. I put my pinkie against his butt hole and pushed in. He must have loved that because I heard a deep, rumbling moan come out of him that sounded like it started down in his balls. I shoved my pinkie in to the knuckle, and I could feel the jizz starting to climb up his cock stalk. I pulled my head back while sucking hard, sliding up the length of his rod until that fat head popped out of my mouth. He yelled, "*U-u-uh!*" and his pelvis thrust forward in spasms. He squirted a stream up into the air, and I tilted my head back, catching it on my tongue.

Afterward, we both lay down on the sand. He was on his back, looking up at the stars. I propped myself up on one arm, looking at him and running my fingers through his chest hair. Finally I had to ask him, "Can I make love to your ass?"

"No," he replied. "I'm only Greek active."

"Only Greek active? What is this, the personals? What's the deal here? You think rich boys can take and take without giving back?"

He sighed deeply and said, "OK, here's how it is: I can't be gay, OK? My family would not accept it. I made a deal with myself that this summer would be my last chance to mess around with guys. Come September I'm going to ask Michele to marry me, and we're going to get married next spring. That's how it has to be."

better help him decide. I stood up, turned around, dropped my trunks, and presented my ass to him.

"Take a look, Wood," I said.

I knew he looked because he said, "Oh, Vinny, please!"

I looked over my shoulder at him. He was on his knees, practically hypnotized, his stiff member pointing at me. I wiggled my ass a little for him. "Come on, babe," I whispered, parting my ass cheeks for him.

He crammed his tongue in to the root, then pulled it out and jammed it in again. He started making grunting noises like a pig. He was getting more and more worked up, hanging on to my butt cheeks for dear life, holding my ass steady so he could explore my pit. I helped him out by pushing back into his face. I'd never had my ass eaten so well—I guess enthusiasm counts for more than experience. He told me later that he'd been fantasizing about eating my ass ever since the day I'd bent over to pick up his umbrella.

Feeling his hard, wet tongue sliding so smoothly in and out, shoving deeper each time, had me getting very close to blowing my load. He was licking my hole like a starving man, slobbering like crazy, spit dripping from his chin. He jammed his face between my cheeks as far as he could, and then he screamed, "Vinny, I'm losing it!"

I turned around and saw him hanging on to his dick as it erupted. My balls were aching, and I was long since ready to shoot, so I squirted a white-hot stream down his chest and stomach.

We both collapsed in the sand. I was totally spent, but I felt good. I assumed he did too. I was wrong.

As I sucked, I fondled his buttocks with both hands.

I mulled it over for a second. "Now I get it. You figure that if you don't suck dick and don't take it up the ass, it means you're not really gay."

"Yep. That's how I deal with it."

"So what about love? Do you love Michele?"

"Of course I love Michele. Sure. Of course."

He was none too convincing. I moved my body against his and bent down and kissed his eyelids, nose, and mouth. I said softly, "If that's true, how come you're falling in love with me?" I pressed my mouth onto his and French-kissed him again. When I drew back I was surprised to see that his eyes were glassy, like he was about to cry. "Don't cry, baby," I crooned. "Why don't you let your new boyfriend love your sweet ass?"

He still wouldn't let me fuck him, but he rolled over onto his stomach so I could tongue him. I got behind him and lay between his strong legs, his ass bared for my pleasure. What a sweet ass he had, all hard muscles and baby-soft skin. I started by kissing his mounds and flicking my tongue around his tightly puckered asshole. Then I gently pressed the tip of my tongue against his hole and pushed. I inched my way in, listening to him moan soulfully. I began shoving my tongue in and out like I was fucking him. He was loving it—I could tell by the grunts.

I remembered how he kept checking out my butt the past couple of days, and I suddenly had an intuition that what he wanted more than anything in the world was to cradle his face in my buttocks. "I'll tell you what, babe," I said. "Maybe, if you ask me nicely, I'll let you see what it's like to eat another man's buns."

He had his face pressed against his crossed arms, but I could still hear his muffled groan of desire. He was torn between wanting it and not wanting to say it. I thought I'd

"You pig!" he said to me.

"Wh-a-a-at?"

"You're a pig." He got up and started walking quickly away from me. I was totally confused.

I ran after him. "What'd I do?" He wouldn't stop; instead he broke into a run. I couldn't let him go away like that, so I had to tackle him on the sand.

"Let me up, asshole," he said as I lay on top of him. He was no weakling; he could've gotten up if he'd wanted to. "What are you gonna do, rape me?"

"Why are you treating me like this?" I said. "Look at me."

I could see that he was crying. "Stop it, Vinny," he said, wiping his eyes. "I can't do this anymore."

"Look," I said, "let's face facts. You really do care for me. How are you gonna marry that girl knowing that? How's she gonna feel when she finds out?"

"Aw, Vin, you're such an honest guy. You wouldn't understand the people in my life. They don't care about the truth. Even if they knew I was in the closet, they would be perfectly happy if I stayed there till I rotted."

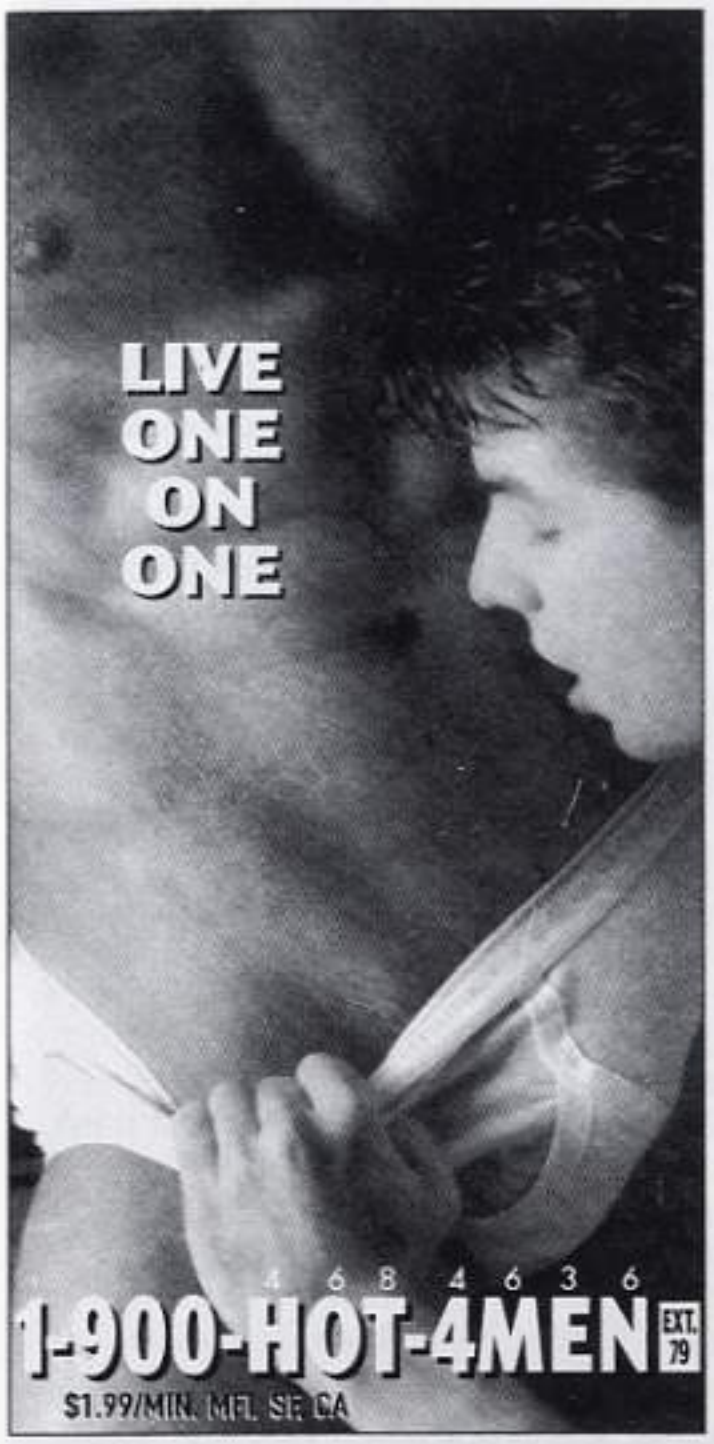
"Yeah, well, that's exactly what *will* happen if you stay there. You have to be true to yourself. I don't know about you, but I don't believe in reincarnation. As far as I'm concerned, you only get one life, and you gotta live it your way."

"They could disinherit me."

"Ouch, that would hurt. I guess that would make me think twice too. But what's the use of being rich if you can't live the way you truly want?"

"I can't let everybody down. I can't be a disappointment to them. See, all my life I've been like the golden boy of the family, and they always set me up to my brother and cousins as the perfect example. They're so proud of me."

"Hey, Wood, one of the things that I love about you is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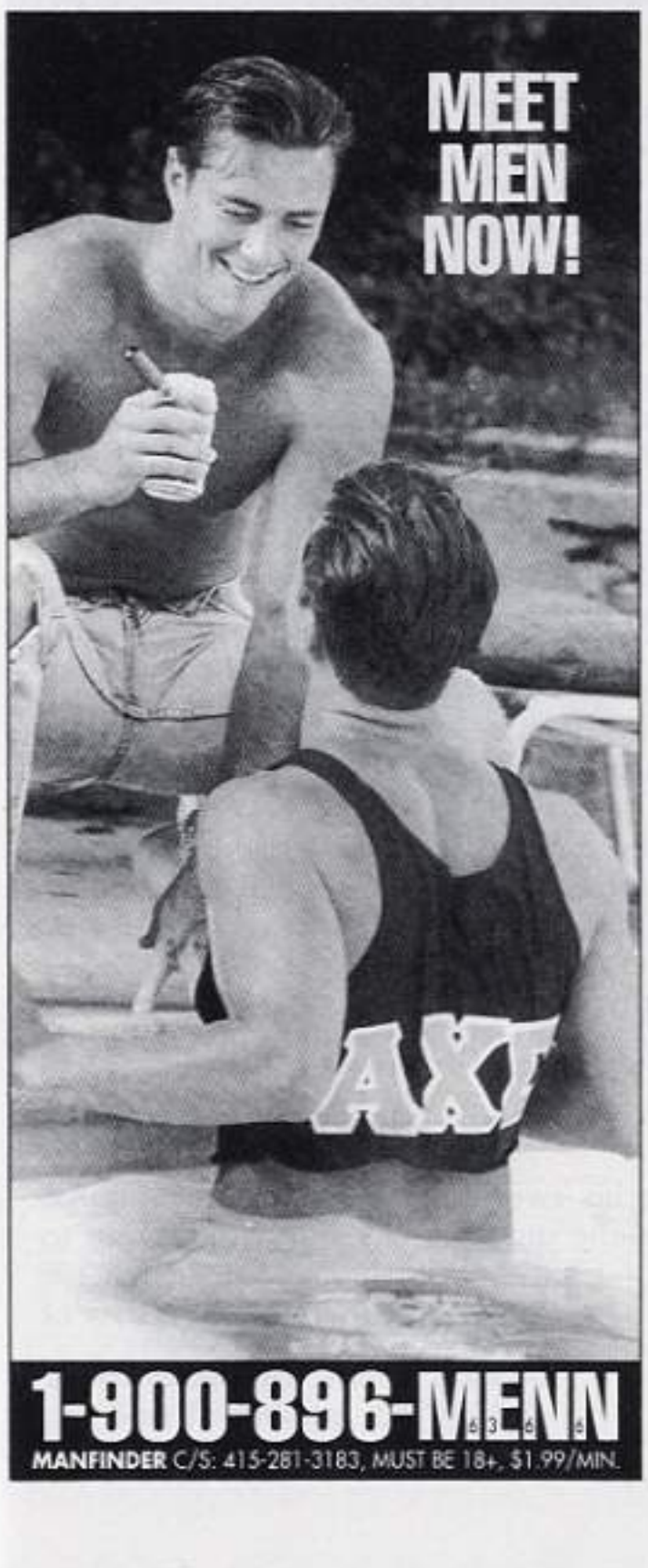
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how sweet you are, but you can't please everybody all the time. You know that."

He sat for a moment thinking, then pushed me away and stood up. "No. I have to do what's right. I have to stop being so selfish, thinking about my own dick and ass all the time. I've heard there are psychiatrists who can make you straight." He got this look on his face then that was so cold and hard, for a second I almost couldn't recognize him as my Woody. Then his natural politeness came through, and he held out his hand for me to shake. "It's been great knowing you, Vinny," he said. "You're a good guy, even if you are gay." I was stunned. This guy was putting himself through one serious mindfuck. I stood there and watched him walk away, my mouth hanging open in amazement.

For a week I didn't see Woody or his gang. You'd think I'd be smart enough to forget a guy as confused as Woody, but I couldn't stop missing him. I only knew him for a couple of days, but I was already falling in love with him. The thing that really killed me was, I knew he was falling for me too. Like a fool, I'd never even gotten his phone number. I was in bad shape.

Then one day as I was closing up the rental station, I saw Josh and Bob. Woody wasn't with them, but I was glad to see them anyway, figuring I might get Woody's number.

"Yo, how you doin'?" I called out to them. "How's your cousin?"

They looked at each other like I said something real interesting. Bob said, "You hang out at a place called the Sea Urchin, don't you?"

"Sure," I said. "The bartender's a friend of mine."

"I'll bet he is," Josh said, smirking, a nasty look in his eyes. I was getting pretty nervous about where this was heading, but I just kept smiling, trying to stay friendly. Finally Josh said, "What'd you do to Woody?"

I wasn't sure how to answer that, but I figured "blow job and tongue fucking" was not the way to go. Instead I said, "What'd I *do* to him?"

"He's been actin' weird for a week, like he's real depressed," Bob said. "Plus he's been picking fights with Michele. Then when we asked him to go surfing with us on this beach, he said he couldn't come here while you were here."

"Really?" I said, trying not to sound thrilled. I was so happy that Woody was as miserable as I was.

"It's pretty unusual for Woody to act like that, so we figured something must have happened," Bob said. "We realized he started acting funny after that night with you."

"So what'd you do to him?" Josh said. "Did you try to get him drunk?"

"Why would I try to get him drunk?"

"Cut the shit," Bob said. "Everybody knows you're gay."

"Look, dudes, I'm not gonna lie and say I'm not gay. But me and Woody are just friends."

"Come on, we know you have the hots for him. I saw how you were checking him out that day you lost your trunks. You probably dropped your trunks on purpose."

My anger was growing. "I don't go after straight guys."

"You wouldn't be trying to hint that Woody is gay, would you?" Josh said. You could tell they were both worried that he might be, but they were in total denial.

"You *were* thinking it, weren't you, faggot?" said Bob, giving me a shove.

"Come on, man," I said. "That's not very friendly."

"What are you gonna do about it?" Bob said. How fucking original. I really didn't want to fight both Bob and Josh; I could take one of them, but I didn't think I would win against both. There didn't seem to be any alternative, though—I certainly couldn't tell them that Woody had loved everything I'd done to him. I'd rather get beaten up than out him against his wishes.

Josh and Bob were working their nerve up to start something, trying to get me mad, calling me these nasty names. They were starting to get to me. Just as I was about to land a right into Bob's smug face, the cavalry arrived.

"Jesus Christ, what do you guys think you're doing?" yelled Woody, running over from the parking lot.

"Woody, man, you should be helping us take out this little shit," said Josh.

"He's my friend, you fucking asshole," snarled Woody. "You OK, Vinny? Did they do anything to you?" I was so happy to see him. "Let me give you a ride home," he said.

"Woody, what the fuck?" said Bob nervously. "You don't wanna be seen with *him*, do you? What'll people think?"

Woody stood there staring at his cousin for a long moment. Then, in his soft, husky voice, he said, "They'll think I'm one lovesick bastard."

I looked at Bob and Josh. I would've paid a zillion bucks to have a picture of the expressions on their faces.

Woody drove me home and then decided to hide out at my place for a few days until the shit died down. I called Jimmy and told him about what happened. Not long after that, Bob and Josh were at the Sea Urchin looking for us. Jimmy and a couple of his biker friends took them out back and scared the shit out of them, pretending they were gonna gang-bang them. Then Jimmy threw them out of the bar and told them never to come back. Pretty cool, huh?

Then I worked my bulging dick down his tight, slippery chute.

The night that Woody gave me a ride home, he let me love his ass. Looking at him on his hands and knees on my bed, totally naked and offering himself to me, made my tool bigger and harder than it's ever been. I knelt behind him and filled his butt with gobs of lube. I put on an extra-sturdy condom and lubed that up too. Then I snuggled my cock against his hole. He was trembling like a young thoroughbred ready to be ridden for the first time.

"It's OK," I said. "I'm going to go slowly, and you're gonna love it every inch of the way."

Getting the head in was the roughest part. I inserted it a little bit and got it halfway, then it wouldn't go any farther. "Try again," Woody said, spreading his cheeks wide. I put more lube on, pressed the head against his hole, and shoved. Bingo, it popped right in like it knew it had found a home. It was total bliss. Then I worked my bulging dick down his tight, slippery chute. Of course I kept my word—I went slow, agonizingly slow. It took plenty of firm, gentle strokes until I finally got my whole dick into him. He took it like a champ.

"Oh, shit, Vinny," he moaned. "I didn't know what I was missing!"

I looked down at his sweet ass skewered on my meat and couldn't answer—the intensity of being jammed up to the hilt in my beautiful babe's most intimate place left me speechless. I tried to say something, but all that came out of me was, "*U-u-uh.*" ●

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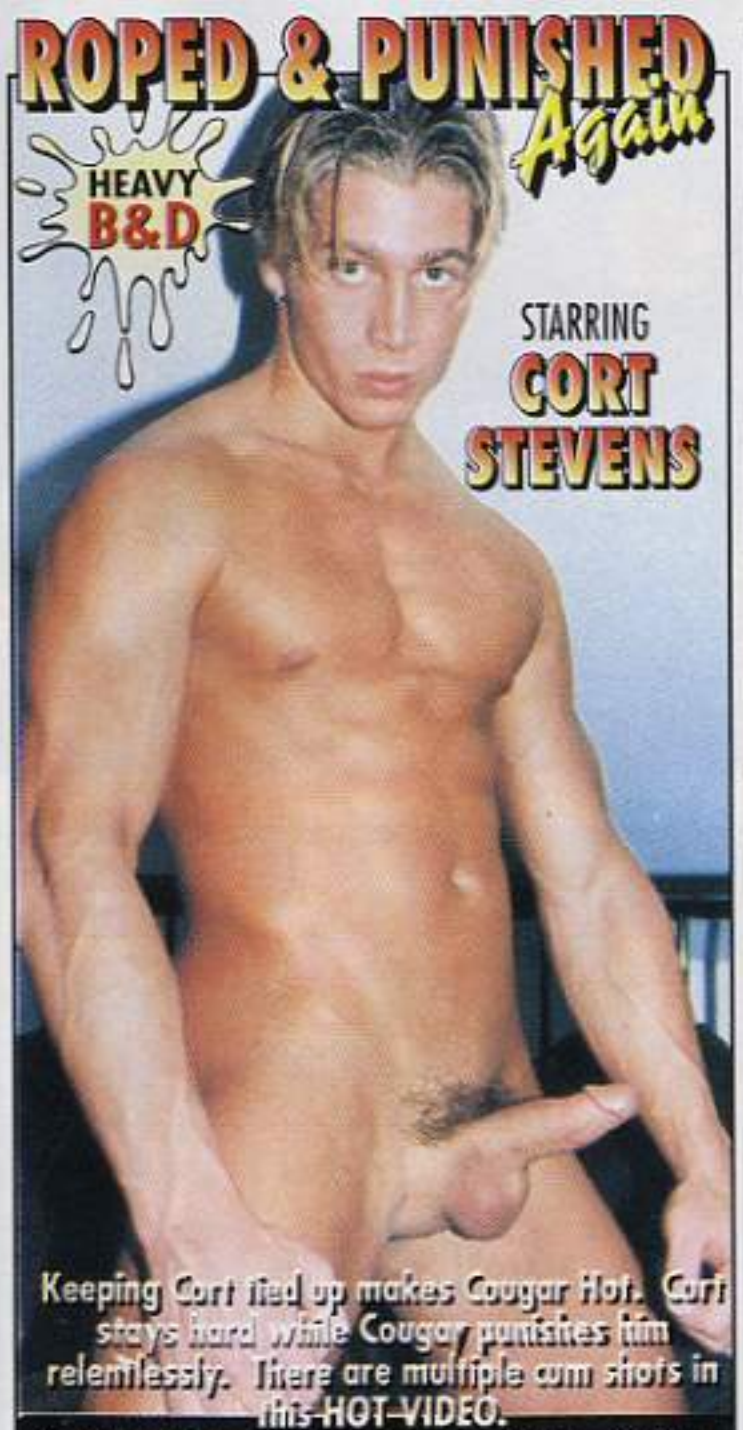

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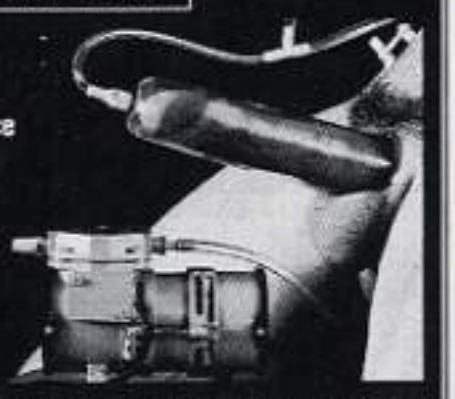

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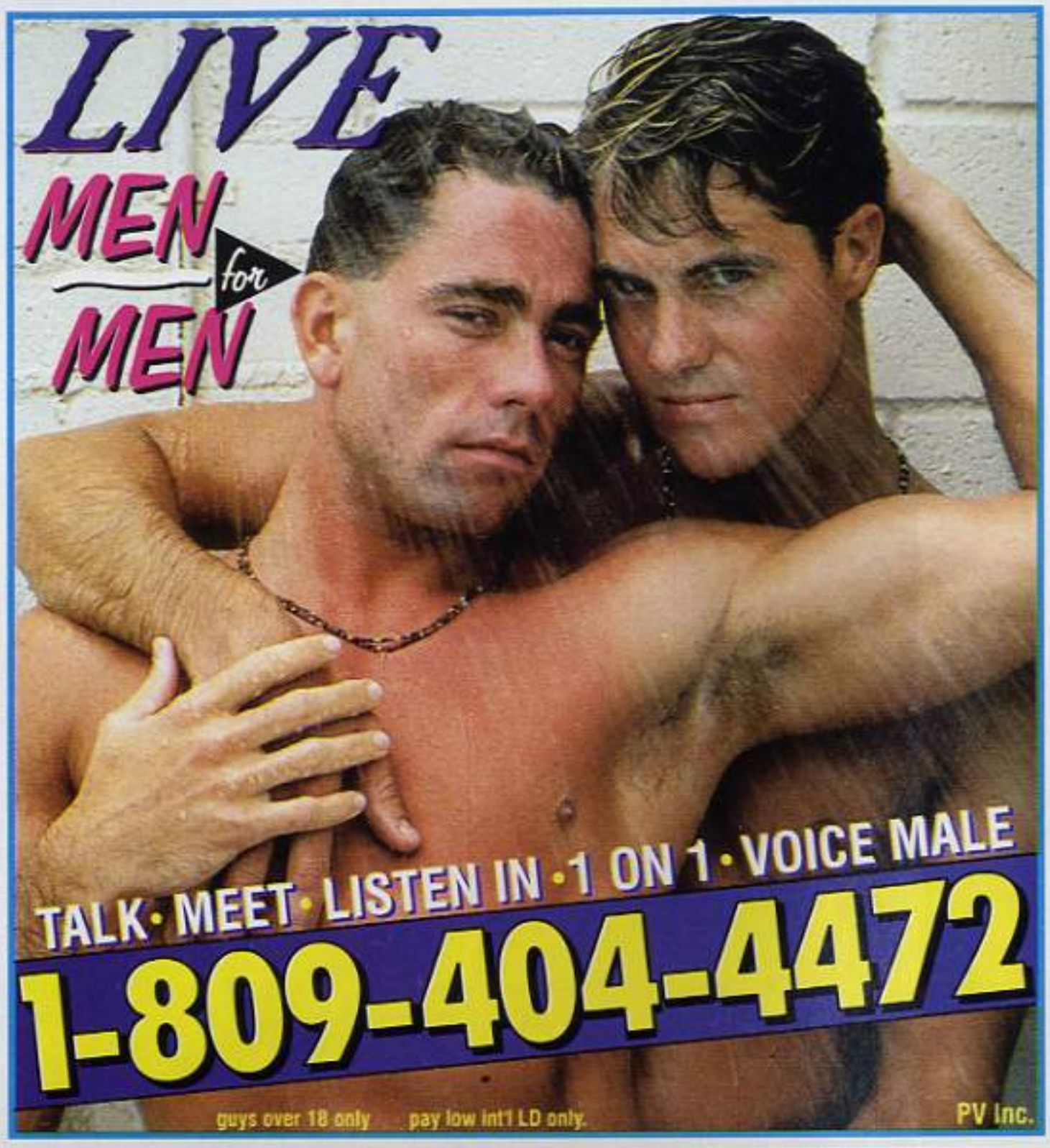

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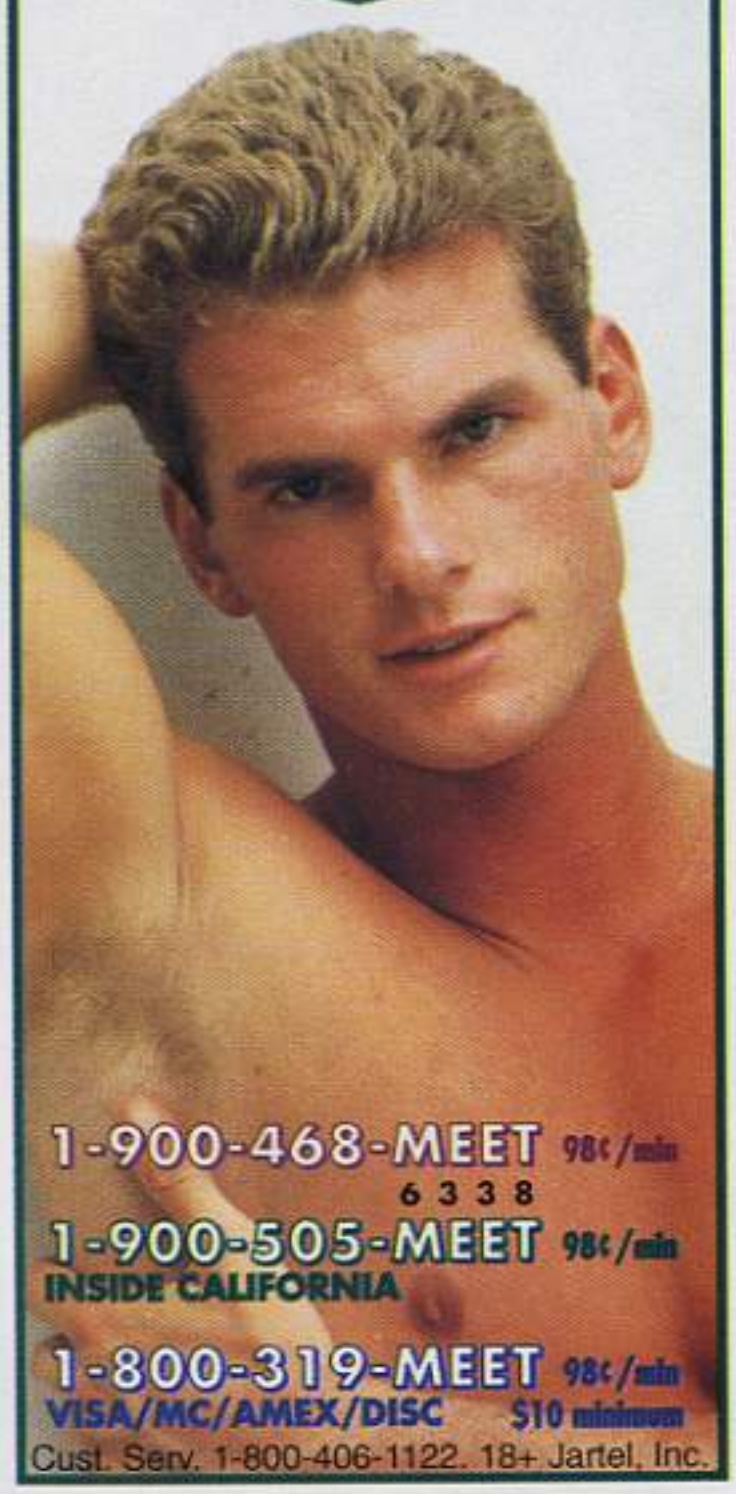

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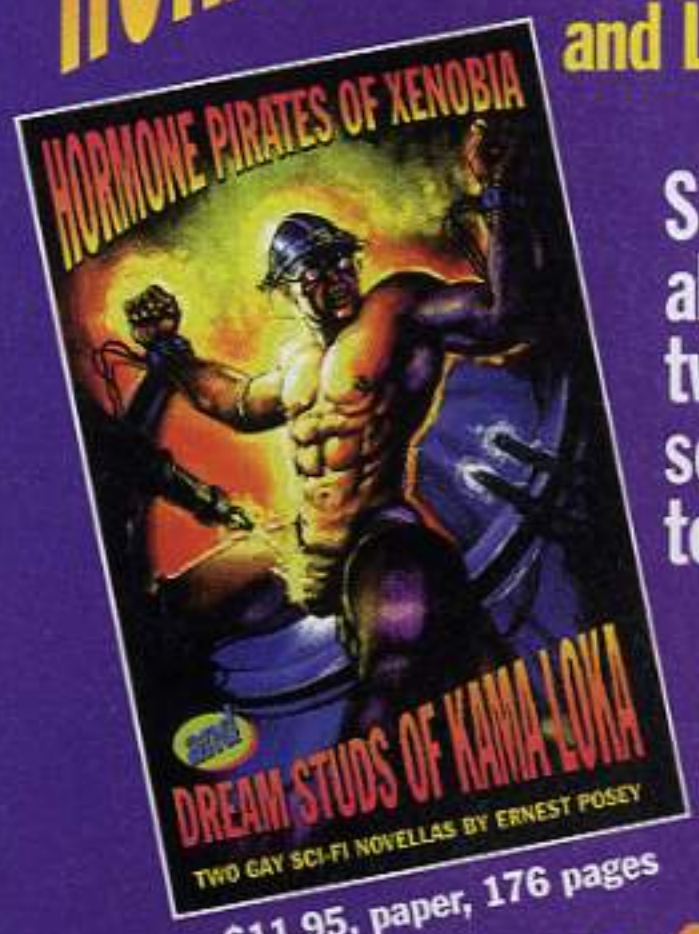

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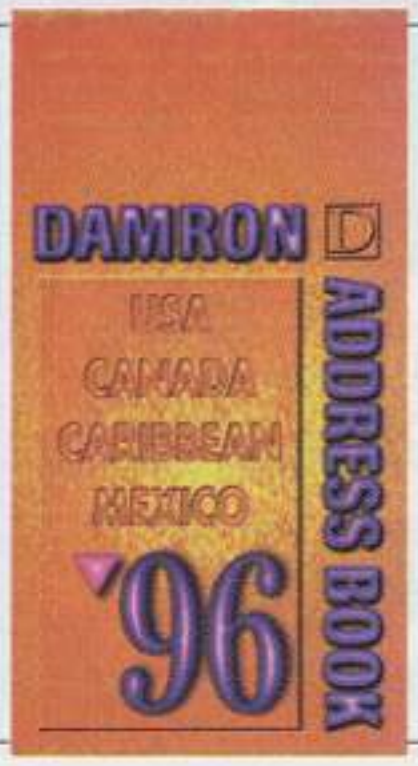

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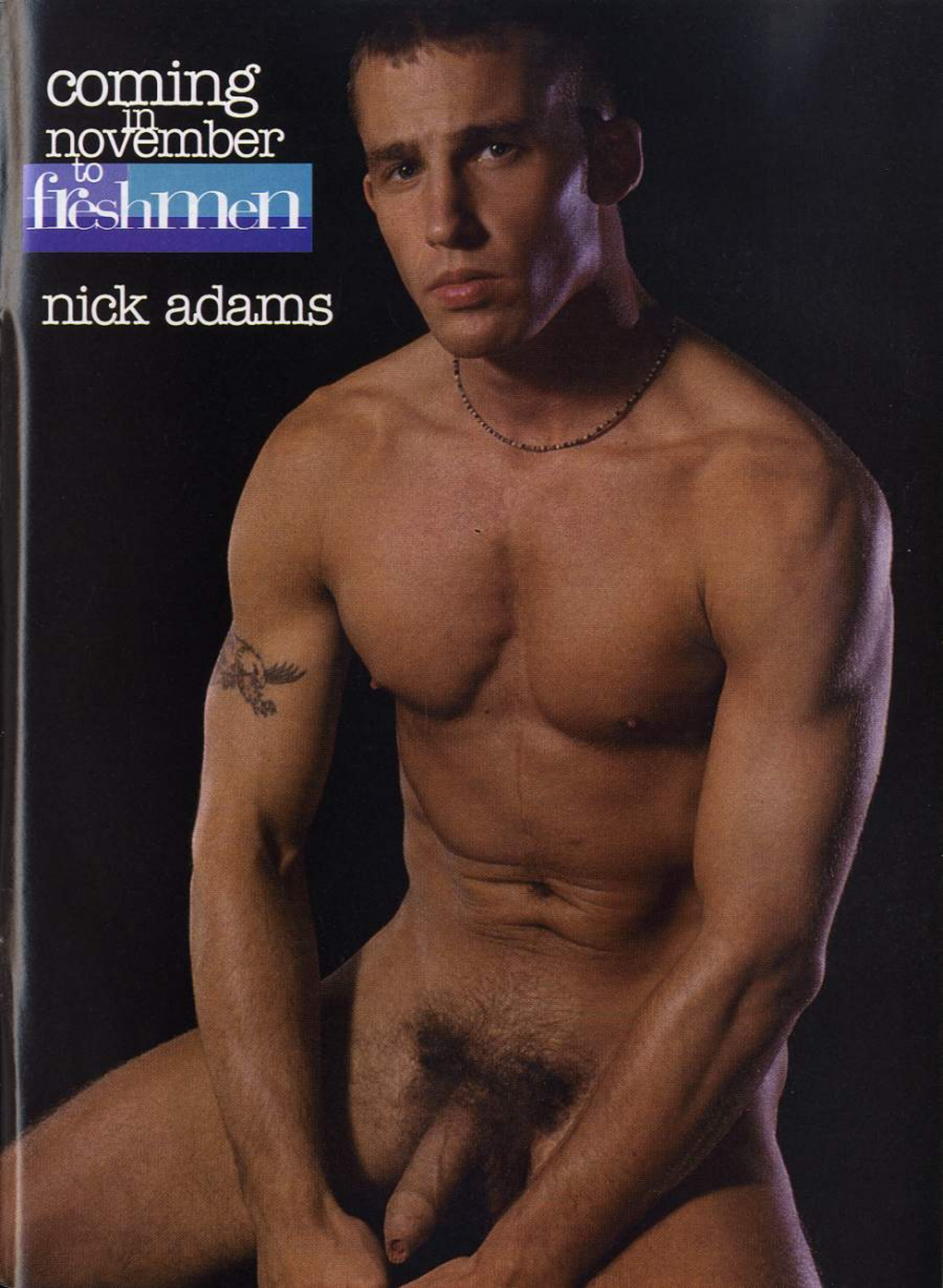

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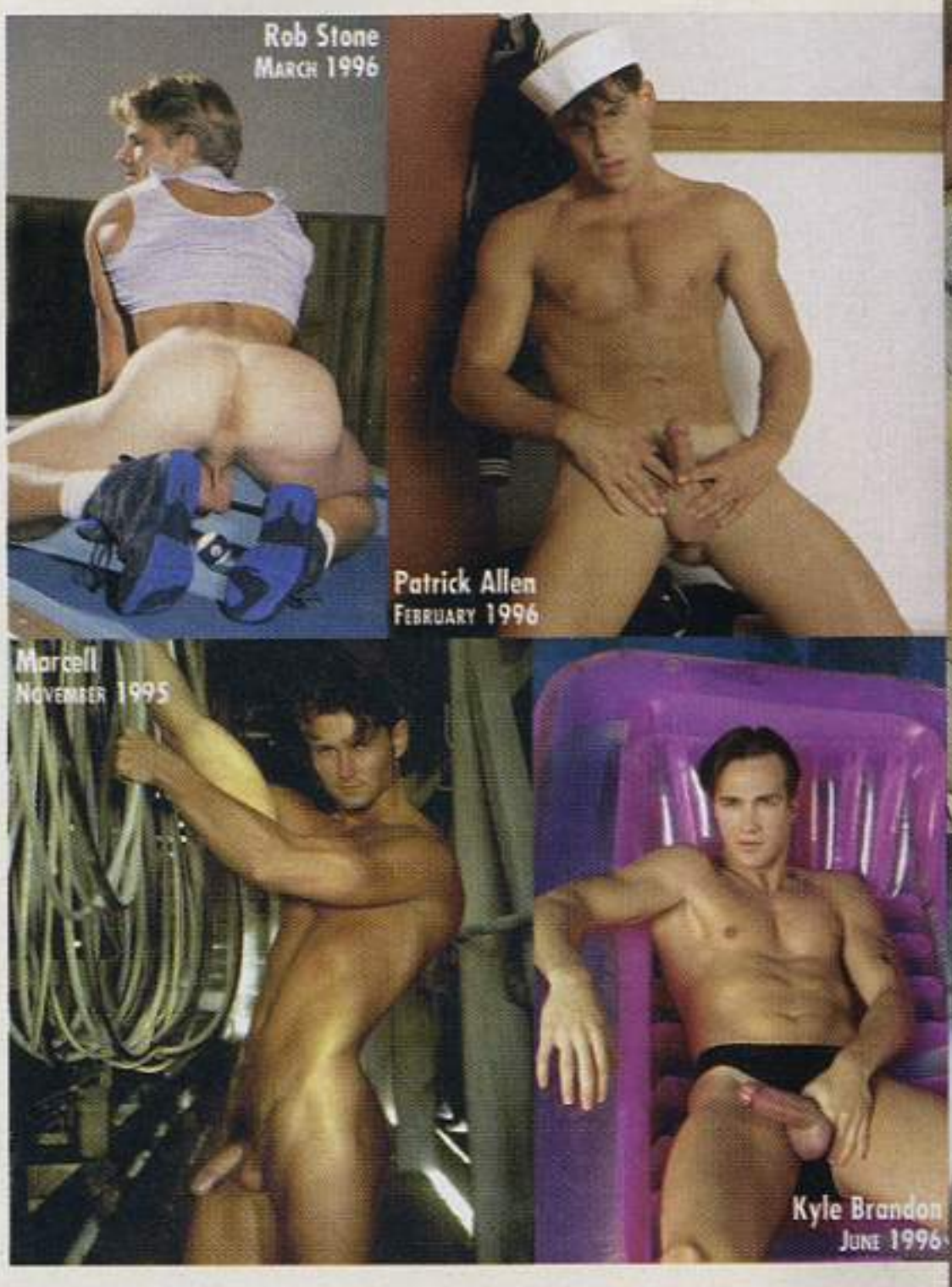

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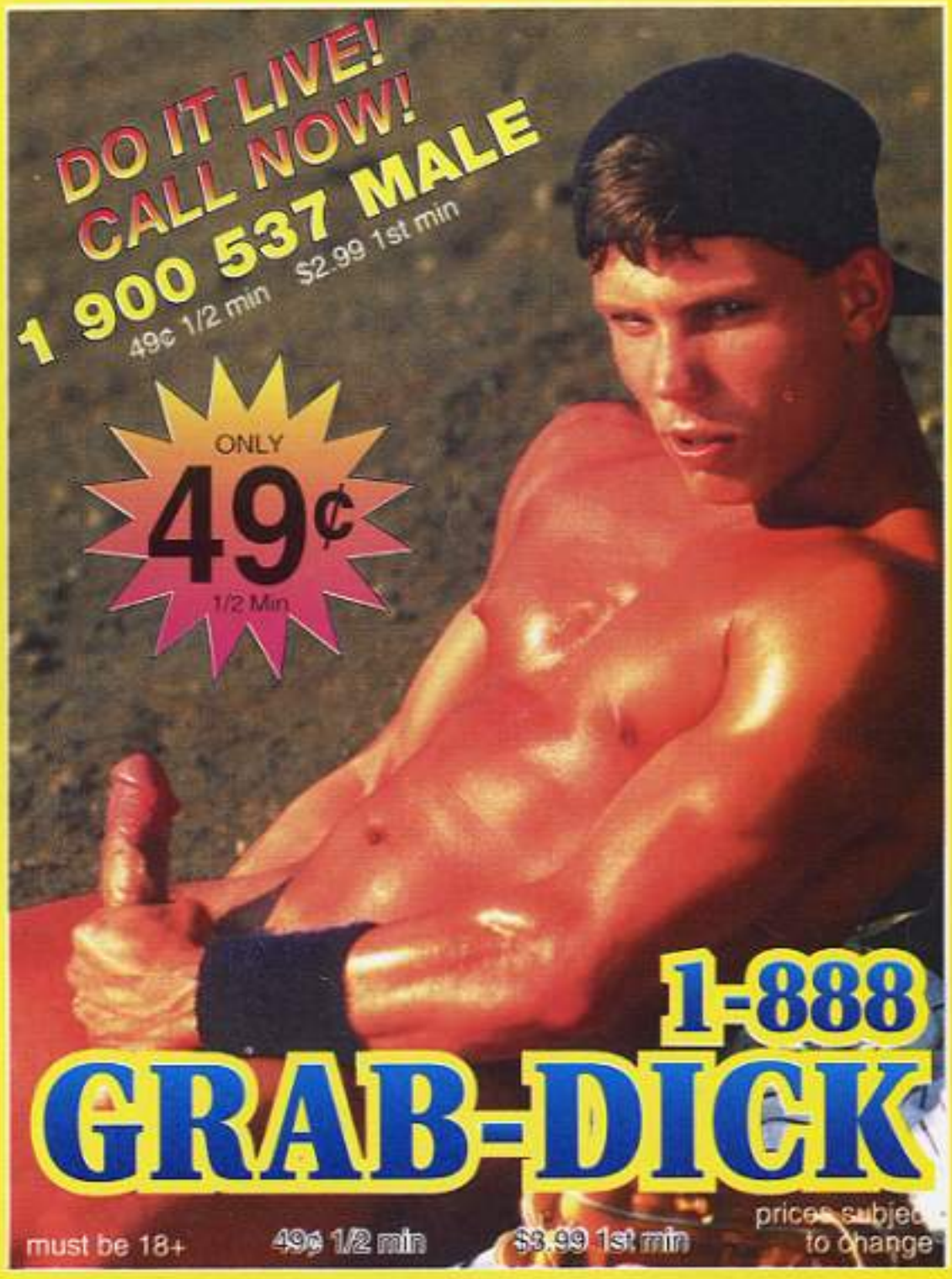

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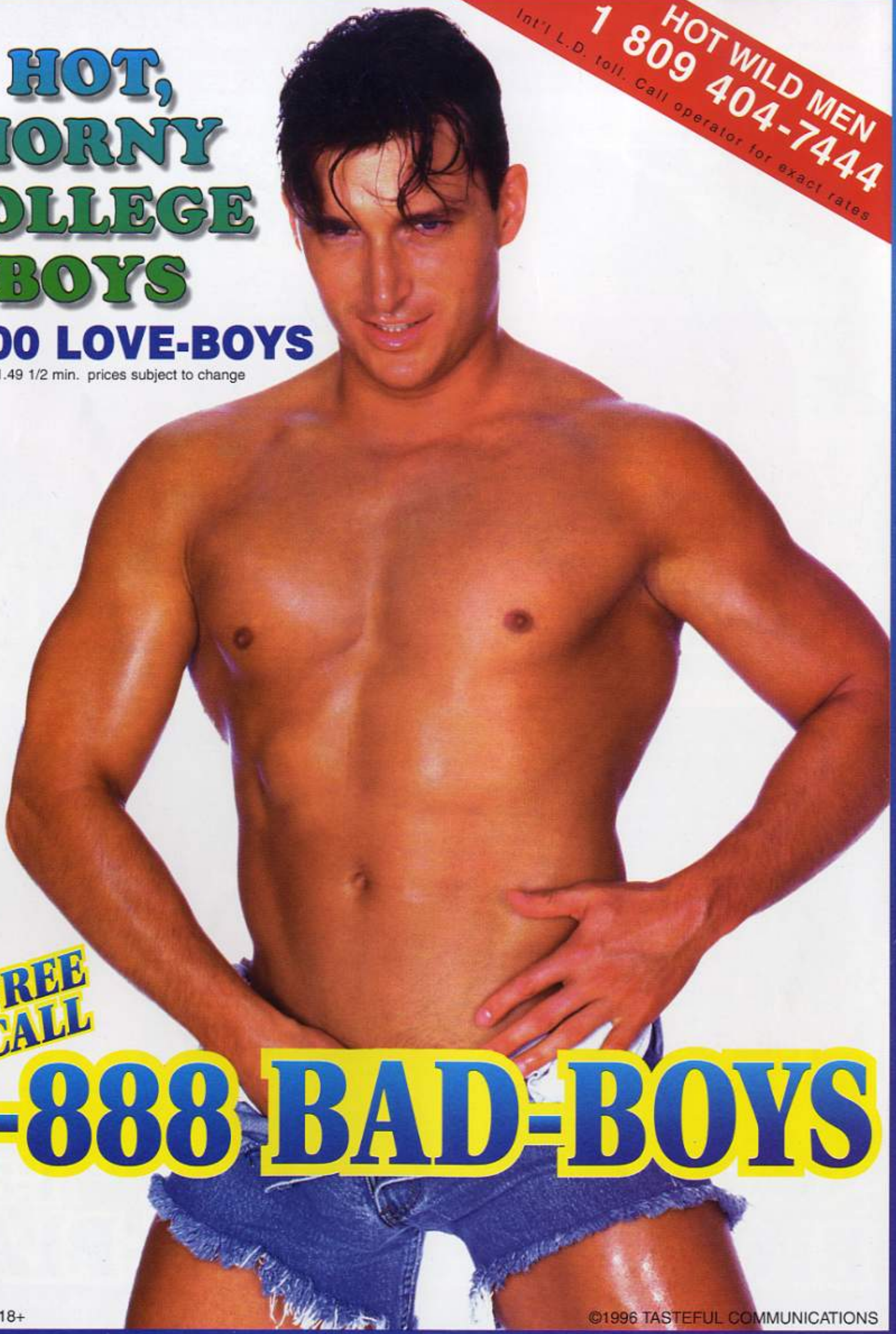

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